

BOSTON, JULY 16, 1881.

Entered at the Post Office at Boston as second-class matter.

All the articles not credited to other publications were expressly written for this Journal.

Published fortnightly by HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston, Mass. Price, 10 cents a number; \$2.50 per year. For sale in Boston by CARL PRUEFER, 30 West Street, A. WILLIAMS & Co., 287 Washington Street, A. K. LORING, 369 Washington Street, and by the Publishers; in New York by A. BRENTANO, JR., 39 Union Square, and HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., 21 Astor Place; in Philadelphia by W. H. BOKER & Co., 1102 Chestnut Street; in Chicago by the CHICAGO MUSIC COMPANY, 512 State Street.

HENRI VIEUXTEMPS.

(Died at Mustapha-lez-Alger, June 6, 1881.)

I was born at Verviers, Belgium, on the 17th February,² 1820. My father was something of a musician, played the violin, and carried on the business of a manufacturer of musical instruments. It was thus that, as far as I remember, I first saw and heard any one perform on the violin. When I was four years old, my father, simply to amuse me, put into my hands a little violin, gave me the first notions of music, and taught me what he knew. As that was not a great deal, I soon knew as much as he. Perceiving his incompetence, he determined I should have lessons of a friend of his, but the friend, not possessing a father's belief in me, did assiduously nothing, alleging, perhaps with reason, that a child of four could not comprehend what was taught him. M. Genin, however, an amateur in our little town, and a rich and generous man, interested himself in the young prodigy he had heard, and got M. Lecloux, a real master of solid attainments, to give me lessons. Under his intelligent guidance, my progress was so rapid that in two years I was able to play for the first time in public Rode's Fifth Concerto, and an Air with Variations for soloist and orchestra by Fontaine. I was six years old and the effect was surprising. People brought me out on various occasions, busied themselves about me, helped my father, and eventually advised him to let me make a little trip. He resolved to do so in the winter of 1827, and, accompanied by my master, M. Lecloux, we visited successively Liège,³ Brussels, Antwerp, Breda, The Hague, Rotterdam, Utrecht, and Amsterdam. It was thus that my life militant began. Charles de Bériot, then in all the freshness and charm of his talent, heard me at Amsterdam. Struck by the qualities of which I gave promise, he offered my father to undertake my education as a musician and a virtuoso, an offer which was gratefully accepted. To take advantage of it, my father left Verviers and settled with all his family in Brussels. Bériot proved a second father and was continually thinking about me. He endeavored more especially to inspire me with respect and liking for the old masters, initiating me into the beauties of Corelli, Tartini, Viotti, Rode, Kreutzer, etc.

¹ This autobiography was given by Vieuxtemps to an old friend who sent it to the *Guide Musical*, from which it is now translated.

² All the biographers, beginning with Fétis, have made a mistake and given the 20th as the date.—Ed. of the *Guide Musical*.

³ Where, at the rooms of the Emulation Society, he gave his first concert on the 28th November.—Ed. of the *Guide Musical*.

He taught me to admire and consider them as models. I take pleasure in here paying the homage of unbounded gratitude to the man and master who knew how to awaken in a child sentiments which became so incrustated and developed in me as to convince me that without them no one can be a genuine, conscientious, and enlightened artist. Towards the end of 1828, Bériot took me to Paris and brought me out at his concerts. Through his influence I obtained from the King of the Netherlands a pension which was to be increased in proportion to my progress. But then came the Revolution of 1830, and materially changed the aspect of affairs. In 1831 Bériot married Mme. Malibran and went off to Italy. My father was in despair. "To whom can I confide the youngster," he said to Bériot, "when he leaves you?" "To nobody," replied the master. "Let him work by himself; let him seek his own path—clear his own road—only keep an eye on him." And thus it happened, that from the time I was eleven (1831), I never had a violin lesson. I continued to work, meditating on the old composers, comparing the moderns with them; bringing them together and combining them in whatever appeared beautiful and grand about them. I remained in Brussels till 1833, trying my powers at concerts, giving lessons, and taking part more especially in a great deal of concerted music. My father then started with me on an artistic tour in Germany. Our first resting-place was Frankfort-on-the-Maine. I there made the acquaintance of Guhr, an excellent conductor, and so-called rival of Paganini for his pretended discoveries of flageolet tones and pizzicati. I met, also, at a Russian nobleman's, Spohr, then in all the plenitude of his talent. What tone! What style! What charm! He was extremely kind to me, and from that moment our friendly intercourse ceased only with his death. But the great event for me was a performance of *Fidelio*, which I heard for the first time. The impression produced by the work upon my young soul of thirteen was such that I could not eat, drink, or sleep. I gave a concert at the Weidenbusch, when I played Rode's Seventh Concerto, and Airs with Variations by De Bériot and Mayseder. People remarked the correctness and clearness of my tone, as well as my simple and natural phrasing.

From Frankfort we went to Darmstadt, Mannheim, Carlsruhe, Stuttgart, Baden, and Munich. My nascent qualities were duly acknowledged, for, under the influence of the musical sensations which were being revealed in me, I did not, despite our constantly changing about from place to place, neglect my studies for a single instant, and I was really progressing. At Carlsruhe I made the acquaintance of Pechatschek and Strauss, the conductor; at Stuttgart, that of Molique and Lindpaintner. They all appreciated me, and prophesied for me a brilliant future. At Stuttgart, I gave a concert with a fair young Viennese pianist, who did wonders, and was destined, eventually, to become Mme. Vieuxtemps. I met her again at Munich, where I achieved what was, for my

age, very remarkable success, the prelude to the really extraordinary triumphs I obtained afterwards in Vienna, where I spent the winter of 1833-34. Without being dazzled by the praise of a kind and enthusiastic public, I devoted myself, body and soul, to the study of my instrument and of composition under the enlightened direction of Simon Sechter, the learned theoretician and court organist. Under his auspices, and amid initiatory artistic society, my progress was astonishing, and the infant prodigy made way for the precocious adolescent, already dreaming of the unknown and the new. I was introduced to Mayseder, for whom I entertained a feeling of deep veneration. His kindness towards me was extreme, but he obstinately refused my father to give me lessons in his own compositions. "He does not play them in my style," he said to my father, "but his own style is so good and so original that it would be a pity to change anything in it; let him go his own way." He thus confirmed the opinion previously pronounced by Bériot. At the house of the venerable patriarch, Dominic Artaria, the contemporary of Beethoven and publisher of most of his works, I became acquainted with Holz, Linke, Merk, Borzaga, Czerny, Boquelette, Gyrowetz, Weigl, and Baron Lannoy, all of whom had known the great man intimately. It was with them and, so to speak, under the influence of his mighty genius, which still inspired them, that I learned to know his gigantic works, that I penetrated their mystery, that I imbibed their essence, and collected, with scrupulous care, the slightest tradition of movement and execution. Under this select patronage, Baron Lannoy asked me to play Beethoven's Violin Concerto at one of the three sacred concerts given annually under his direction. They were, at that time, the only fashionable concerts, and the only ones where grand works were produced. I did not know the Concerto and had only a fortnight to learn it. I immediately, however, set about the task, and, despite the difficulties of conception and execution with which it bristles, was ready in time and played the work in a satisfactory manner, for my age. People applauded my boldness and the vigor of my youthful efforts.

My performance (in March, 1834) of this Concerto (Concerto in D-major, Op. 61, Lenz, II, p. 97), the first performance since Beethoven's death, made a sensation by its daring, and invested me with a certain importance, the good effects of which did not fail to make themselves felt at Prague, where I gave several concerts either in the usual locality or at the Stadttheater. As the season was advancing, we pushed on rapidly to Dresden and Leipzig, at which latter place Robert Schumann was kind enough to devote especial attention to me (see his Notes of that time). Lastly, we went to Berlin and Hamburg. With the exception of Schumann, however, no one in the towns of Saxony nor the capital of Prussia took any notice of me, and it was only in Hamburg that I met with some slight sympathy and encouragement.

We then proceeded to London, where we

arrived in the height of the season, that is to say, too late. However, thanks to Moscheles, I was granted a hearing at the Philharmonic Society (the only one then) in Bériot's fifth Air with Variations, my performance being favorably received (July, 1834). But what now marked an epoch in my life was the happiness of approaching and hearing Paganini. One morning, my father came home looking quite scared, and exclaiming: "He is here; we shall hear him to-night at a concert!" Great emotion! Sensation! Absence of hunger and thirst! And with good reason! I recollect it all still! I see him! I hear him! His fantastic, cadaverous, and theatrical appearance was of itself a poem, and impressed me profoundly. The applause which greeted him seemed as though it would never end. For some time it appeared to amuse him; then, when he had had enough of it, looking at the public with an eagle-like and diabolical glance, he dashed off a run, a dazzling rocket, from the lowest to the highest note on the violin, with such rapidity, power of tone, and clearness, with so extraordinary, so astounding, and so diamond-like a sparkle, that every one felt subjugated and spell-bound. There was another outburst of frantic applause. This occurred twice, thrice, and several times more, till Paganini had had sufficient and condescended to begin. His appearance alone was, I repeat, a poem in itself. I will not attempt to go into the details of his gigantic and unique performance. I heard the Concerto in B-minor, called *La Clochette*; the variations on *Il Cor non più mi sento*; the *Moto Perpetuo*, and *Le Streghe*. The impression on me was profound and immense, but I could not then exactly understand the means employed to obtain the effects produced. The impression remained, however, intact, and subsequently, when I had grown older and possessed a more profound knowledge of the art of the violin, a great many things stood clearly revealed to me. Nevertheless, my reminiscence of what I felt has remained the same and my admiration has extended to the limits of the improbable. After the concert, I had the good fortune to be introduced to Paganini, at the house of Dr. Bealing, then the artists' doctor in London. Every one defiled past at these large parties. I played and Paganini himself could not escape the obligation. He gave a quartet for solo (on the four strings of the viola), only relatively interesting; I should have preferred something for the violin, but he reserved that instrument exclusively for his public performances. He was exceedingly kind and encouraging, and particularly requested me to sit next him at supper, which was served at four in the morning. I was dying with sleep, but just managed to keep sufficiently awake to recollect the many times he filled my glass with wine, the way he himself drank, and his large hands.

(To be continued.)

RUBINSTEIN AGAIN IN LONDON.

History is now repeating itself as regards the presence amongst us of one who, after Richard Wagner, is the most conspicuous musical figure of the age. In 1877 Anton Rubinstein visited

this country, played his way through the provinces, came to London, crammed St. James's Hall over and over again, gave a concert of his own chamber-music in the same building, and conducted a performance of orchestral works from his pen at the Crystal Palace. All this is being repeated, with the variations which a considerate "order of things" usually employs to guard against slavish imitation and monotony. Mr. Rubinstein has already flashed like a meteor through the length and breadth of England, not forgetting to cross the border and rouse the fervid Scots to worship; and on Thursday last he began shining steadily in the firmament of London. Here he is "reciting" on the pianoforte, looking forward to a Rubinstein day at Sydenham, and contemplating, instead of a chamber-concert, an opera at Covent Garden. Wherefore the present is to be a Rubinstein season; and Herr Hans Richter takes a second place, while Dr. Hans von Bülow prudently keeps at a distance, knowing the inexorable law which ordains that before a blaze of solar light a lamp must "pale its ineffectual fire."

Time was when Mr. Rubinstein appealed almost in vain to English amateurs. He piped unto them, but they would not dance. To some he was incomprehensible, to others strange, and, therefore, offensive. So for years he gave us up. England was Philistia—the Alsatia of the Gentiles, wherein no writ from the court of Art could run. At last he resolved to try again, because news of Dr. von Bülow's successful British progress had reached him. Mr. Rubinstein may then have said to himself: "If those islanders find warmth in stony coldness, much more will they in real passion. If they bask in the rays of a painted sun, much more will they in those of an orb of fire." Anyhow, he came, and the people almost worshipped him, doubting no longer that what they heard was great, and finding in their inevitable amazement not so much cause of offence as provocation to that blind faith which is ready to trust far beyond the limits of its power to trace. In due course the artist left us, but his hold did not relax or his charm abate when the exercise of it became a thing of the past. It is not too much to say that Mr. Rubinstein has been consciously waited for since 1877. Every amateur, therefore, who went to St. James's Hall did so with full assurance of being one of a crowd rejoicing with a common joy in the fact that hope had ripened into substance. No one is silly enough to believe that all this enthusiasm arises from the merits of its object. Perfection was never generally admired in our world. We crucify it, crying out, "Not this man, but Barabas." Let us not fail to see and frankly acknowledge the probability that Mr. Rubinstein's combination of striking faults with remarkable excellences accounts for the universality of the interest he excites. Some people love the faults; others the merits. It may be wrong, however, to speak of Mr. Rubinstein's artistic personality as having only two aspects. In effect, he is many-sided, and shows himself in a different light on each. Two knights quarrelled over the shield; half-a-dozen might be provoked to put lance in rest over the Russian pianist. Hence every amateur sees something to approve in him, and only when the audience begin to compare notes do they raise their voices angrily because they fail to see alike. It must be owned that on Thursday our distinguished visitor did his best to be at once universally agreeable and the origin of general contention.

We said, four years ago, that there were two Rubinsteins, having nothing in common one with other. Is it a growing capacity of discernment that now prompts belief in as many Rubinsteins as, according to King Richard, there were

Richmonds on Bosworth Field? Three were obvious in St. James's Hall. First came a kind of pedantic Rubinstein, in periwig and powder, who played Bach's *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue*. When your modern interpreter of Bach is an eminent pianist, he generally tries to make the old master express what he never thought, or, at least, to invest him with the airs and graces of our own time. It is no longer a question of periwig and powder, but of hair with a "middle parting;" no longer of the formal movements of a precise age, but of such *abandon* as becomes an era devoted to the cultivation of nerves. Mr. Rubinstein refused, on Thursday, to dress up old Bach in clothes of the present fashion; that is to say, he hammered out the *Fantasia and Fugue* with the precision and passionless formality of a machine. He saw no authority for what is now called a "reading," and he made none; but careful only to show the structural lines of the music, put forward Bach's work in its integrity, to be admired or not, as the audience pleased. There was something impressive in the play of those iron fingers over the keys without the smallest evidence that they were moved by a will as susceptible to the dictates of feeling as an Æolian harp to a breath of air. Mr. Rubinstein seemed less happy with Mozart's *Fantasia* in C-minor and Beethoven's *Waldstein* Sonata. He was not in his best mood for such works, or, at any rate, his attitude towards them was less definite than on some former occasions. It appeared as though, having entered the region of feeling, he had to put upon himself a restraint strong enough to make him uncomfortable, while not more strong than proper respect for the traditions of his subject demanded. There were moments in the first part of the Sonata when the passionate Rubinstein blazed up, and watchers for a conflagration looked at each other with smiles; but generally the master kept himself under, warring successfully against his own affections as well as "the huge army of the world's desires." In Schumann's *Fantasiestücke*, and, subsequently, in the course of selections from Chopin, Mr. Rubinstein threw aside all bonds. He was himself again, or, rather, since he is himself in many ways, he turned towards us his Boanergian side and roared as became a "son of Thunder." Surely the passionate Rubinstein is a phenomenon—a volcanic eruption attended by noises, fire and smoke. The thing is heroic in character and proportions. We may not recognize here a pianist in the act of performing pianoforte music, but we are in presence of an amazing display of musical impulse and inspiration which fascinates even those who do not approve. That artist with knitted brows and resolute eye, flinging back his long hair as, with ten fingers doing the work of twenty, he makes the instrument vibrate to the core of its biggest timbers, and causes wood and iron to plead, each in its way, for mercy, is simply stupendous. One thinks of the war-horse in the grandest of Eastern poems: "He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength . . . he mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted . . . he swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage." It must be said that this Rubinstein overrides his subject. He may be playing anything, for aught we know or care. An overwhelming personality fills the whole scope of vision, shutting out the composer, who, indeed, has often little to do with the result. It is, therefore, well that we have only one passionate Rubinstein. Were there more, stern duty to art might compel the world to chain them up. Even in this case a corrective is ever close at hand in Rubinstein the tender, who speaks—let the Laureate say how he speaks,—

"An accent very low

In blandishment . . .
Right to the heart and brain, though undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness."

Here is the shepherd's pipe after the storm in the Pastoral Symphony; the song of the thrush when the thunder has rolled away; the ripple of the mountain brook where erst the torrent roared,—and it is very refreshing and delightful. How refreshing and delightful let those say who heard Mr. Rubinstein perform Chopin's Barcarolle and his own Romance, not to speak of other things. But there is something uncanny about the contrast. Can this loving painter of delicate fancies be the thunderer of a moment ago? Clearly he is, and we watch him with anxiety as we might a flower-decked lion trained to walk in a festive procession.

It may be said that the foregoing are words of rhapsody rather than criticism. No doubt they are, and necessarily so. Mr. Rubinstein is one of those pianists who evade criticism by the very splendor of their faults not less than by the glory of their excellences. In other words, his powers, whether well or ill directed, are strong enough to fascinate, and the most resolute manipulator of critical apparatus soon shuts it up and puts it in his pocket. Why should he not? Comets are generally regarded as erratic members of the solar system, but one need not look askance at their fiery magnificence because they refuse to perform a sober and orderly evolution along with the planets. — D. T. Lond. Mus. World.

MUSICAL INSULT.

We have heard much of the irritating effect of street music upon the nerves of those who are compelled to be unwilling listeners; and latterly many complaints have been made by railway passengers of the intrusion of itinerant instrumentalists into carriages where, to the misery of the other occupants, they continue to perform at short intervals during the journey. But music, being an indefinite language, however much it may annoy, cannot insult; so that to effect this result it is necessary to ally it with words, and with what success a recent case will prove. It appears that a correspondent of the *Globe* unfortunately found himself in a railway carriage surrounded by a detachment of the "Salvation Army." Of course this pious body, having a mission, could not let the opportunity pass of letting all the passengers know, by means of a hideous chorus, to what a happy frame of mind they had brought themselves; but as the person who relates this incident did not see why this ecstatic choral burst of joy should be forced upon those not concerned in the welfare of the "Army," he ventured gently to remonstrate, whereupon the vocalists instantly changed both tune and words to the following very personal chorus:—

Oh, he's going to the devil
As fast as ever he can.

The helpless victim of this attack writes to ask whether the law allows him any redress for this grievance. We should assuredly think that it does; and feel convinced that if he had called any officer on duty at the first station he arrived at, he could have had his cowardly assailants at once turned out of the carriage. Persons intoxicated with religion have no more right to insult their fellow-passengers than those intoxicated with ardent spirits; and if the usual regulations for the protection of travellers do not meet the case, railway companies will have to add something to their by-laws especially for the "Salvation Army." — Lond. Mus. Times.

"O SWEET OLIVER."

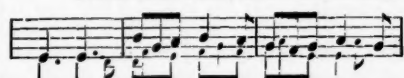
There is evidence in plenty of the close correspondence subsisting in the seventeenth century between the musicians of England and the Netherlands. Dr. John Bull, the hero eponyms of something more than our national anthem, left

England in 1617 to become organist at Antwerp. Matthew Lock, whose music to the *Tempest* and *Macbeth* is still remembered, travelled abroad during the Rebellion and brought back books full of foreign music. I have seen two of the volumes that made his little library; one he heads "A Collection of Songs when I was in the Low Countrys, 1648," the other is a printed book of motets bound up with a Dutch manuscript music-book, to which, in the blank spaces, Lock has added a variety of Dutch and German dances. In the same way it was an Amsterdam publisher who brought out in 1664 the "Twelve Sonatas" of John Jenkins, a pleasant writer of "consorts" and "fancies," whose name, however, is now hardly known beyond the circle of musical antiquaries.

It is, therefore, not surprising that light should be thrown from Holland on the history of English music, but it is a rare chance that we are able to recover a veritable song sung in a play of Shakespeare's. That "O sweet Oliver" existed and was popular long before "As You Like It" was written is ascertained from the registers of the Stationers' Company. The first entry is of the date August 6, 1584, and records a license to Ric Jones "To printe A Ballat of 'O swete Olyner, Leave me not behind the[e].'" A later notice in the same month gives "the answer of 'O swete Olyner'" (Arber's "Transcripts," ii. 434, 435). It now appears from a book of lute music lately examined at Leyden—a collection of songs and dances made in the first half of the seventeenth century—that "Soet Olivier" (which is nothing else than a Dutch translation of Touchstone's words) was a dance tune, a brane, identical with the air familiar in England to the song "The hunt is up." The Dutch form has only lost the sprightliness of the English by a change into "common" time. I subjoin the English tune with Shakespeare's song, indicating the variations of phrase in the Dutch copy by smaller notes:—



O sweet Oliver! O brave Oliver! Leave me not be-



hind thee. Wind, a-way! be-gone, I say! I



will not to wedding with thee.

It is right to add that the discovery of this tune is due to Prof. Land, of Leyden; the identification I owe to the kindness of Mr. Chappell.

REGINALD LANE POOLE. *Athenæum*.

SOPHIE MENTER IN LONDON.

(From the *Daily Telegraph*.)

This is an age of pianists, and the present season will be remembered as a crowning illustration of the fact. How many may be now upon the way hither we do not know, but already we have amongst us M. Rubinstein, Dr. Hans von Bülow, M. Carl Heymann, M. Lowenburg, and Mme. Sophie Menter, with others less renowned. The quintet of luminaries is surely sufficient for distinction, even though Dr. von Bülow should persist in reserving his light for private circles. Meanwhile, Mme. Sophie Menter has stepped forward on behalf of those whom Dr. von Bülow calls "petticoat pianists." We had heard her under the auspices of Mr. Ganz, the Philharmonic Society, and the Crystal

Palace; but it is one thing to play a single piece, and another to undertake an entire programme with the view of keeping an audience in their seats for two hours. Mme. Menter was bound to emulate her precursors in this respect, and she did so a first time some ten days since at St. James's Hall, whither flocked a crowd of professors and connoisseurs, M. Rubinstein and Dr. von Bülow at their head. The nature of Mme. Menter's task will appear in its true proportions if we indicate the contents of her programme. The list comprised an arrangement by Carl Tausig of Bach's organ fugue in D-minor, Beethoven's sonata (Op. 109), a Pastoral and Capriccio by Scarlatti, Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques, three arrangements by Liszt of Schubert's songs, Liszt's Fantasia on themes from *Les Huguenots*, six pieces by Chopin, and Rubinstein's Valse Caprice. All these things Mme. Menter played from memory in two hours and a quarter, not, as may be imagined, resting for more than a few consecutive minutes. In respect of both mind and body, it was a herculean undertaking, from which even the great Moldavian pianist might have shrunk, much more a lady who, in appearance at any rate, is far from robust. Passing from the wonder of the programme and the labor it involved, let us enter a protest against some of the pieces chosen. Having regard to the fact that pianoforte music of a high and unimpeachable class abounds, we see no justification for an artist who brings forward arrangements like that of Tausig, or fantastic perversions like that in which Liszt insults Meyerbeer. These things may show a performer's skill, but a pianist should always be first and foremost an artist, who, as such, cannot, for the sake of mere display, forget the inevitable conditions of service to higher things. We do not hesitate to say that Mme. Menter damaged her claim to consideration by stooping to the level of Liszt's vulgar, though in some respects astonishing, fantasia. Better that she should be suspected of inability to play things like this than that she should demonstrate her power at such a cost. Concerning the Tausig arrangement and the transcribed Schubert songs, more moderate words suffice. Indeed, one of the greatest successes of the afternoon was made in an arrangement of "Hark, the lark." Nevertheless, the general rule excluding all arrangements whatever from the public repertory of a great artist should be strictly enforced.

Mme. Menter's entire performance made a profound impression, and was altogether of a remarkable character. We are disposed to think as a mechanician she is unrivalled. There is no need in her case to plead that certain effects can only be produced from the piano at the expense of accuracy. The argument, everybody knows, has often been advanced, not without reason, seeing that the great "lions" of former seasons have all given forth wrong notes when strenuously roaring. Hence there has grown up amongst us a toleration of such things, if, indeed, wrong notes have not been raised to the dignity of a principle, and preached as a gospel. Mme. Menter demolishes all this at a blow, by proving that there is no real need for inaccuracy. She is a "lionne," and can roar as loudly as any male specimen of the order; but she never makes a mistake on the keyboard. She literally plays what is set down for her, and in the midst of such indescribable turmoil as that of Liszt's Fantasia her whirling fingers are unerring. Let us, then, hear no more apologies for wrong notes. As would-be inevitable attendants upon modern development, Mme. Menter gives them the lie in their teeth. The lady's strength is another remarkable feature. From what store she draws the power to invest a single instrument

with the sonority of half a dozen is, looking at her delicate frame, a mystery, and one made all the more puzzling by a curious absence of effort. She does not agonize with the pianoforte. Her arms do not fly about like mill-sails, nor does she play with her whole body, yet the fingers descend like hammers, and the instrument shakes to its centre. Scarcely less notable is the lady's delicacy of manipulation in music of a soft and tender character. She plays *mezza-voce* passages, especially rapid ones, with a refinement and equality of touch nothing could surpass, and it is only to be regretted that the gradations of tone between a musical whisper and thunder are not equally at her command. Mme. Menter, however, has been trained in a school which cultivates contrast, so that we can hardly wonder if she tries to better her instruction.

Ascending from the artist's truly prodigious execution to questions of style and expression, we find some strangely conflicting results. It may be doubted, at the outset, whether the passion of her playing is more than a device. When M. Rubinstein storms over the keys, we know that he could not do otherwise if he would. There is a corresponding tempest in the region of his feeling. Mme. Menter, on the other hand, seems to remain in the peaceful centre of the cyclone she calls up, and this appearance of artificiality detracts from her power. Similarly in pieces the poetic sentiment of which is, as in Chopin's music, like the bloom upon a plum for delicacy, she seems to allow their spirit to evade her. Hence the selections from the Polish composer made little effect; the result in this case being as marked as in that of Beethoven's Sonata, though for a very different reason. We may take objection also to the hard, mechanical style in which the artist hammers out themes that should often be quite legato and touched caressingly; but, passing on, we come to the remarkable fact that sometimes she ascends into the highest and purest region of true poetic expression. This was illustrated the other day by her performance of Scarlatti's Caprice, and the transcription of "Hark the lark." Nothing could have been better than her work here. Grace, sentiment, exquisite delicacy,—in fact, all the subtle charms of great playing were obvious, and, while calling forth delight, excited, also, surprise that elsewhere they were not present in equal force. Mme. Menter, however, should be definitely judged on fuller data than has yet been accorded. Enough for the present that we have in her a phenomenon whose astonishing qualities demand the most cordial recognition. She is an artist to be studied when the glamour of her merely mechanical gifts has passed away. But that will not be yet-a-while.

D. T.

A WORD TO VOCAL STUDENTS.

Amid the babel of talk about "methods," "voice culture," and the like, of which the air is full nowadays, it is not strange that young men and women, possessed of fine voices and intending to make singing a profession, should be misled into concentrating all their energies upon purely vocal training. There is so much to be learned in the way of formation of tone, husbanding of breath, phrasing, vocal agility, and so forth, that one can scarcely wonder at young singers thinking that to master the technique of singing is a sufficient task for a lifetime. The example of famous singers, great masters of the vocal art who have won laurels in many European capitals, and who, after twenty years of experience on the operatic stage, end by knowing about as much (or as little) about music itself as they did when they began, is ever before the minds of ambitious young singers, and tends still more strongly to favor the notion that

all a singer need know is how to use his (or her) voice well,—to sing after a good method, as the phrase is. Add to this the incomprehensible aversion the majority of singing-teachers have to teaching anything about music that is not immediately connected with vocal technique or vocal style, who can wonder that singers, as a rule, neglect almost everything that does not belong to technical training?

Yet what a sad mistake this neglect is,—this well-nigh utter sacrificing of general to special study! If singers could only be persuaded of the truth,—that the more they know about music, the better they will sing!

Many arguments could be brought to bear upon this point. Let us examine, at least, a few of them.

In the first place, it is not to be denied that most people will do an easy thing much better than they will do a difficult thing. Now, most well-trained singers are more likely to be embarrassed by intrinsically musical difficulties than by purely vocal difficulties. The hazardous intonation, the difficult melodic intervals, the complicated rhythms in a great deal of modern music (in a Schumann cantata or a Wagner opera, for instance), confuse the average singer far more than the brilliant roulades and fioriture of a Bellini or Rossini aria. I am speaking of good singers, vocally competent singers, not of beginners.

Now, to a thorough musician, all these musical difficulties are simple enough,—at least, they are simple and easy to him in proportion as he is a musician. While the singer who is merely vocally trained finds these things so perplexing that he has to concentrate his whole attention upon them, and has no thought left for the manner in which he uses his voice or for musical expression, the thorough musician, whether he knows how to use his voice or not, sings them with perfect ease. What artistic impression, think you, can a singer make upon his audience, when his whole mind is given up to coming in in time and keeping his place? The most perfect voice and vocal method in the world will not help him here.

It is not only true that what a singer sings easily he sings well; but it is also true that the more easily he sings a piece of music, the less he tires himself out physically and mentally. This is an important point. I once heard a very high musical authority say of Mr. Georg Henschel, the famous baritone: "It seems to me that his great endurance in singing, his always being in good voice, and never getting tired, comes quite as much from his thorough musicianship, making all music perfectly easy to him, as from the perfection of his vocal method or his physical strength and good health." There is more truth in this than many persons would think.

Another argument, an argument which touches the pocket! Young vocal students would be surprised at the number of truly excellent singers who charm large audiences in the concert room, but who cannot get a position in a really fine church choir, simply because they cannot read well enough at sight to take the responsibility of a part in a quartet wholly upon their own shoulders.

Let all who would become really fine singers think of the power that inevitably comes to them from a sound knowledge of music. It will save them time and strength enough in learning songs, arias, parts in cantatas, oratorios, and operas to make it more than worth their while.

W. F. A. — *Mus. Herald.*

MUSIC IN ENGLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO AND NOW.

The state of music half a century ago was abundantly shown in the "Index to Musical Events"

published by the *Figaro* last autumn, and possible to be continued at some future and less busy period. Then music was at its darkest. The populace had ceased to be musical, the family circle had dispensed with those glees, catches, and part-songs which, at a period anterior to the year 1831, were the pastime of home, and music had become a mere divertissement of the rich. There was one Italian opera, managed on exclusive principles, with its *corps de ballet*, its "Fops' Alley," and so forth, the opera-house being less a place of music than a rendezvous. Nowadays, although the standard of operatic performances has not greatly increased, we may point to a better state of things. Italian opera, it is true, is still given at exclusive prices, as it must until *entrepreneurs* learn sense; but bad performances at extortionate prices are practically moribund. So, in a striking degree, are the "benefit concerts" which fifty years ago formed the staple musical performances of the season. With a very few exceptions, "benefit" concert givers now hide their diminished heads in hole-and-corner concert-rooms, and it is a gratifying sign of the times that a more or less transparent excuse is deemed necessary before a "benefit" concert is nowadays given at all. Fifty years ago, the orchestral concerts of the season were confined to the Philharmonic Society, which was then so powerful and exclusive that even critics of the public press were obliged to beg permission to pay for seats. To-day, the Philharmonic Society, by a long course of mismanagement, is threatened with dissolution. There is indeed happily a plethora of orchestral concerts. The Crystal Palace directors never had a finer season of Saturday concerts than that which concluded in May, and if by their summer concerts they have lost part of the profit gained during the winter, the result only adds fresh force to the time-honored proverb which tells us to "let well alone." Mr. Ganz has had a satisfactory season. Herr Richter began with a finer subscription than he ever had before, and although the programmes have been very injudiciously selected, and although that injudicious selection has seriously affected the attendance, the fact that the public will cheerfully support high-class orchestral concerts has been sufficiently established. As to miscellaneous concerts, their name is legion. Between a thousand and fifteen hundred concerts and musical performances will have been given between April and July, and in all cases it is satisfactory to find that a higher tone prevails in the programmes than was observable even five years ago. The most conspicuous sign of the times is, however, observable in "recitals." If our forefathers had been told that a pianist like M. Rubinstein could come to England, by sheer force of talent attract £540 to an afternoon piano recital at St. James's Hall, and, after a two months' tour, carry from this country to the Continent twenty thousand good English sovereigns sterling, they would probably have thought their informant daft. Yet it is a fact. Altogether, the state of music in England is such that we have reason to be proud. The alarmists who prophesied that by the ascendancy of the theatres music would suffer have been confounded. The theatres, it is true, have prospered, but the sister arts, Drama and Music, have gone hand in hand, the one assisting, and neither hurting, the other. It indeed remains a fact that, at a time of unexampled public depression, the art of music in its purest state has never been in a more flourishing condition. High-class music is more plentiful than of yore, and there never has been a time in its history in England when more money has been spent upon it. — *Figaro*, June 11.

ANOTHER AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.

(Paris correspondence of the *Advertiser*.)

PARIS, June 14, 1881. Miss Griswold's *début* in *Hamlet*, at the Grand Opera, was one of the most interesting it has been our good fortune to witness, and as her talent is henceforward to be classed among the best, I am glad to be able to give some details of the private life of this courageous girl. Previous to the great Chicago fire her parents were rich, but having lost nearly everything they possessed in that terrible disaster, they listened to their

daughter's earnest entreaties to be allowed to cultivate her voice to gain an honest livelihood, and Mrs. Griswold accompanied her child to Paris. Here she entered the conservatory, where she studied with earnestness for three years, and ten months ago merited the first prize—say *merited*, for she received only the second, as the first was bestowed on a young artist of, as I believe, comparatively insignificant talent, who is glad, to-day, to earn a modest livelihood at the Folies Dramatiques. How true it is that "troubles never come singly." This first disappointment was followed by a second, not less unexpected. M. Vaucorbeil, director of our National Academy of Music, engaged Miss Griswold on a very insignificant salary, promising her a *début* which was to have been immediate, but Miss Daram came like a cloud over his memory, and for ten months Miss Griswold seemed to be forgotten. Happily Ambroise Thomas was not so forgetful. He desired earnestly, that Miss Griswold should have the rôle of his Ophelia, and encouraged her justifiable indignation against the unjust manner in which Vaucorbeil broke his promises. Five days before her *début*, Miss Griswold went to her jailer and told him frankly that she had waited long enough, and, determined to seek fortune elsewhere, she gave in her resignation. This was not at all what the impresario wanted, and after a long debate, in which Miss Griswold bravely held her own, he ended by promising she should make her *début* very soon. "At once!" she added: "I will not wait until after the Grand Prix, when every one whose opinion is worth having is out of Paris. I must have my *début* before a full house, and learn whether I am 'to be or not to be.'" So Monday was decided upon, and Monday Miss Griswold acted and sang the part of Ophelia before a crowded house, in so superior a manner as to astonish those who listened to her, and elicited favorable criticism from every musical critic present. Vitu of the *Figaro*, who is usually severe, says amongst other things: "Miss Griswold possesses a clear soprano voice which rises without effort in crystalline sweetness to *re* above the lines, and makes play of difficulties in a manner which nothing but serious study and an excellent musical education can explain. . . . What has particularly served Miss Griswold is the juvenile grace of her whole person. There is a *je ne sais quoi* of chastity and simplicity which becomes this marvellous character of Shakespeare's creation, and which enchanted the select audience. Miss Griswold sang with penetrating sentiment, thoroughly correct, and at the same time *très personnel*, the fine passage *Voilà, doucet Hamlet*, in the trio of the fourth act, which in truth has rarely ever been so well sung as this evening." It must be acknowledged that, for a *débutante*, such an appreciation on the part of a severe musical critic is flattering in the extreme, and I, who was present, affirm she thoroughly deserved it. Miss Griswold had the rare good luck of being well supported. Maurel is an incomparable Hamlet and the most sympathetic artist we have. Mdle. Richards is a contralto of the first order, and an excellent actress. As to Miss Griswold as an actress, she was a surprise to all who saw her, and with experience she will certainly leave nothing to be desired.

On Wednesday Madame Lacombe-Duprez made her *début* in *The Huguenots*, but I must not follow the example of many who were present on that occasion, and make comparison between her and Miss Griswold. Certainly it is unusual for two artists to appear for the first time at the Grand Opera so near together, but those who have listened to them both will never associate the two remembrances. Miss Griswold is but twenty, and has a brilliant career before her. Mme. Lacombe-Duprez is not young; she made a fiasco in the *Diamants de la Couronne* (at the Opéra Comique) some years ago and we wonder Mr. Vaucorbeil inflicted such a setting star upon his audience, when he had such a rising one as Miss Griswold at his service.

—The new opera by Mr. Francis T. S. Darley, of Philadelphia, which is to be added to the repertoire of the "Ideals" the coming season, will probably be given the title of *The Bride of Roncarolle*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1881.

THE END OF A LONG STORY.

One more number will conclude the publication of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC. It is with great reluctance that we have brought ourselves to the point of making this announcement. When we made the arrangement with the present publishers (Jan. 1, 1879), kind friends willingly and eagerly guaranteed them against loss for two years. There was a considerable loss the first year; but in the second that loss was reduced to so low a figure, while at the same time we received such numerous and warm expressions of appreciation of our work and hope for its continuance, in connection with that generous Testimonial Concert in December last, that we were encouraged to go on another year. It has proved an illusion. Instead of the promised increase, the income from subscribers and from advertisers has fallen off, showing for the first half of the year a serious loss, which falls entirely on the editor himself, who has no heart to ask or to accept further guaranty from friends. Prudence counsels him that it is better to stop now than to risk a double loss by letting the paper run on to the end of the year.

Besides, we are weary of the long work (twenty-nine years), seeing that it has to be carried on under such discouraging conditions, and within such economical and narrow limits that it is impossible to make the Journal what we wish it to be.

Further statement of the motives which have led us to this abrupt pause, with possibly a few reflections proper to the close of a long career of journalism, must be deferred to the concluding number.

Of course our publishers (Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) will see to it that subscribers who have prepaid shall be made good for the remainder of their term; and the same publishers will, on the other hand, be glad for the prompt remittance of all dues on account of advertisements or subscriptions.

JOHN S. DWIGHT.

The final number of the Journal, owing to long-needed rest and change of air on the part of its Editor, will be issued a week or two later than usual, — seeing that there is little or nothing going on just now to interest the reader.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The noble movement of Mr. Higginson has found admiring recognition abroad. The July number of the London *Musical Times* (Novello, Ewer & Co.) pays him the just tribute which we print below. At the same time we have received a hearty letter from Mr. Henschel, confirming what is said about the library he has been collecting for the concerts, and also stating that he has engaged a first-rate violoncello-player, highly recommended to him by Joachim Raff, Tausch and others, and that he hopes to bring over with him that great desideratum for our Boston orchestras, a good harpist. — When will a millionaire be found to give America the large,

strong, many-sided, but high-toned Musical Journal which the present development and prospect of the art in this great country calls for? But for the London greeting!

A TRUE MUSICAL PATRON.

It has been often said that "example is better than precept;" but then as precepts are so plentiful and examples so scarce, it must not cause surprise that, although we may progress surely, we progress but slowly. Many there are, for instance, who conscientiously assure us that a cause wants but liberal pecuniary support to ensure its permanent success; yet when they are appealed to for the very support they advocate, some special reason strikes them for withholding it. Now, whatever may be said of the advantage of securing social position and influence in furtherance of a movement, there can be no question that the real motive power of the world is money; and the man of fortune, therefore, can accomplish in one day, by a mere stroke of his pen, more real good than thousands of poor men have accomplished by strokes of their pen in many years. Patronage in art — and more especially in music — is good; but the timely help proffered to a struggling genius, however much it may become a valuable personal benefit, is rather the patronage of artists; and he, therefore, who, disregarding individuals, helps to found institutions which shall spread a knowledge of the standard works amongst the people, is the true missionary, for he sets in action, by the magic power of wealth, those grand creations, the beauties of which can alone be revealed by the engagement of a large number of performers at an outlay beyond the means of a private speculator. Disinterested patrons of this kind are rare, but their rarity increases their value; and as it is in the nature of these benefactors of the art to shrink from any demonstrations of gratitude which their actions must necessarily call forth, it is the duty of all who become acquainted with such actions to reveal the name of the actor, not only that justice may be given to whom it is due, but that a worthy pattern may be held up to the world for others to imitate.

Let us then at once say that such a person as we have attempted to describe has recently appeared, not in this country, but at Boston, in the United States. Quietly and unostentatiously — as all earnest workers in a cause they have at heart invariably proceed — he has devoted himself to the task of organizing performances of the greatest compositions in musical art, and admitting the public at a price thoroughly within the reach of all. Our readers will, we are certain, be interested in knowing how this work is to be carried out; and as the facts are in our possession, we will briefly state them. At the last Harvard Concert, Herr Henschel conducted an overture, which went remarkably well. Amongst the audience was Mr. Henry Lee Higginson, son-in-law of Professor Agassiz, and one of the most prominent citizens of Boston, who, struck with the excellence of the performance, immediately resolved, not only to found an orchestra, with the desire of its becoming a permanent institution of the city where he resides, but to place Herr Henschel at the head of it. It appears that Mr. Higginson had for twenty years resolved to carry out this idea, and waited only for the right time and opportunity. Presuming even that he had also put himself forward as chairman of a board to determine how such an undertaking should be directed, and to suggest, if not actually to command, what music should be performed, the Boston public would owe him a deep debt of gratitude. But to prove — for it scarcely would be believed without proof — how, after making himself responsible for the large outlay which must be involved, and intimating his desire that all classes shall be enabled to share the benefits of his generosity, he modestly retires from the scene, we now give the business details of the plan.

Herr Henschel was commissioned to engage an orchestra of from sixty-five to seventy performers, which, as we have already said, is to be permanent, under the title of "The Boston Symphony Orchestra," and at the time of the publication of this article is complete, and ready for the first rehearsal. The sole charge of the orchestra rests with Herr Henschel, who is to be the conductor, and who, without the slightest supervision or control, is to make out the programme of each performance. The concerts are to take place on twenty Saturday nights between October 15, 1881, and March 15, 1882. Three rehearsals are to take place for every concert, each rehearsal of three hours' duration. There are to be no committees, nor any kind of criticism upon the actions of the conductor. Mr. Higginson pays all the artists and every expense connected with the concerts. We may also say that he has bought a splendid library for this orchestra, which already includes fifty symphonies, seventy

overtures, and ninety miscellaneous pieces, all the best editions, in full score, and with the orchestral parts. Herr Henschel has on his programmes all the nine symphonies of Beethoven, two of Mozart, two of Haydn, two of Schumann, one of Mendelssohn, one of Schubert, two of Brahms, and one of Rubinstein, besides a varied selection of overtures and pieces; and it is his intention to produce novelties at not less than fifteen of the concerts. In addition to the orchestral performances—the main feature of the enterprise—the most talented solo vocalists will be engaged at every concert. The entrance fee for the performances are twenty-five and fifty cents (1s. and 2s.). Season tickets, with reserved seats, will also be issued for all the twenty concerts, for five and ten dollars (£1 and £2).

Here, then, are the authentic particulars of a plan which we believe we are safe in saying has no parallel in musical history. We have many instances of wealthy patrons of art helping young composers, not only to make a reputation, but to partially free them from the great battle of existence, so that they can sustain and add to that reputation in maturer years. Help of this kind came to Beethoven, for example, in Germany; and in England we may cite the case of the Duke of Chandos, who appointed Handel to the place of Chapel-master at Cannons, and encouraged him to compose, placing an orchestra and vocalists at his disposal. But all this kindly aid, although indirectly benefiting the art, was mainly directed towards the fostering of a special gift for composition which had already decisively developed itself in the two great artists we have named. The object of our Boston patron is avowedly to further the knowledge of the art itself,—not to draw forth new treasures from rising composers, but to make thousands acquainted with the treasures lying around them. The realization of this object is still in the future; but meantime we cannot withhold the expression of our admiration at the noble manner in which the project has been organized. Let us indulge the earnest hope that wealthy lovers of art on this side of the Atlantic may take this lesson to heart. America has shown us that she can practise as well as preach. Here, the "precept" has long, very long, been set before our artistic capitalists, but we have yet to wait for the "example."

H. C. L.

THE SAENGERFEST AT CHICAGO.

The Sängerkunst is over, and the mind deals with it only as a remembrance. The closing hours of the festival were darkened by the very sad intelligence that came regarding the President. On every face was a look of great anxiety, and while vast audiences listened to the music, they did so with that quiet watchfulness that accompanies extreme perplexity. It was in the Sängerkunst building that General Garfield was nominated for his high office, and this thought alone imposed a self-inflicted calm over the audience, and enthusiasm about the music no longer prevailed, although all listened with a quiet dignity that indicated respect and regard for the suffering family at Washington.

But passing from this sad event, I will give some few important points in regard to the festival. It was the endeavor of Mr. Balatka, the conductor of the Fest, to bring up the musical standard of these gatherings. For over a year, he had a large chorus at work upon the most important works, being determined to have the best performances possible. The programmes would not pass criticism, it is true, for while there were a few important works, there were also a large number of minor things not quite in keeping with the festival idea. The gathering of so many Männerchor had something to do with this. It was quite impossible to have very many full rehearsals, and thus the music had to be of a character that each society might learn of itself. Yet the effect produced by this large chorus was very fine, and indicated that there were greater things possible in such undertakings.

But some mention of the soloists. First in order comes Madame Peschka-Leutner. In the sustained singing, in such works as the *Odysseus* of Bruch, the widow in *Elijah*, the *Lohengrin* music, and in the ninth Symphony of Beethoven, this lady did not appear to her best advantage.

In this class of song her voice is far from pleasant. It has plenty of volume, but is lacking in an agreeable quality. It is penetrating in its carrying power, and she was easily heard over the vast building, but there is a metallic ring to the upper notes that is disagreeable. It sounds as if she had to use great physical force to reach the notes. Her work was rendered with the feeling of an honest artist, however. In her bravura songs, the aria from the *Magic Flute* (the second of the Queen of the Night's numbers), the Variations by Adam, the Variations by Proch, and the Bolero from the *Sicilian Vespers* of Verdi, her voice showed off to much better advantage. She used the half-voice, which is her best, and is still quite flute-like in quality. Her extreme notes, F and G in alt, were made with the ease and purity of a bird. Her trill is very perfect, unless prolonged, and increased too greatly in power, and she makes her runs with grace and ease quite remarkable in so large a voice. It is in this kind of song that her voice appears to its best advantage. She was greatly admired in these songs, and provoked most hearty applause, and was obliged to repeat them. In her sustained song she created no enthusiasm, but was rather disappointing. She is a very fine-looking and commanding lady, and possesses that agreeable quality called good nature, which puts her at ease with her audience at once. Persons who only heard her in the choral works would be greatly disappointed. It was a mistake to have her make her first appearance in the *Odysseus*, for many persons came away with the idea that she had lost her powers, and that her voice was but a wreck of its former greatness.

Miss Cary has done the best singing I ever heard from her. Her noble voice was grand in its volume of pure tone; she filled the great building with sound, and delighted the audience beyond bounds. She was in perfect voice all through the festival. Some of her selections were better suited to the large building than others, and in these she created great enthusiasm. Her "Woe unto them," in the *Elijah*, and the favorite "Che farò" of Gluck, and aria of Handel, "Awake, Saturnia," were her best numbers.

Mr. Candidus, the tenor, has a lyric voice of good compass. It is pure in quality and rather powerful. He sings with a good understanding of his music, although some bad habits in phrasing, and in the delivery of tone, are quite evident in much of his work. He contracts his throat on the upper notes, which gives them a forced effect, not always pleasant. This habit is a great drawback to his vocal delivery, for he has naturally a fine voice. His best renderings were, "The Prize song," from Wagner's *Meistersinger*, the "Swan song," *Lohengrin*, a Mozart aria, and *Siegfried's Liebestied*, Wagner. He was a general favorite, and was presented with a laurel wreath, decorated with the national colors of Germany.

Mr. Whitney was not always in good voice. In the *Elijah* he did some very good work, but a hoarseness prevented his being at ease. In some of his songs, particularly the aria from the *Creation*, "Rolling in foaming billows," and "In this heavenly dwelling," Mozart, he was very successful. For solo work the festival hall was far too large. When music is given in this very enlarged manner, with a building great enough to hold ten thousand people for its place of hearing, it is not to be expected that solo work can sound very well. After a chorus from a thousand voices, accompanied by an orchestra of one hundred and fifty men, the contrast to a single voice is very marked, and it is some moments before the ear can accommodate itself to the change. All the best shades of coloring are lost, and ex-

trêmes of expression in any of its different forms of manifestation are nearly impossible. Our hall was too large for the best enjoyment.

Mr. Remmert was not always in his best voice at this festival. His disposition to force his voice upon the high notes, thereby giving them a hard, chest quality, was too often manifest. In the solo with chorus, in the *Frithjof* of Bruch, with the Apollo Club, he did quite well. As *Odysseus* he was always dramatic, and often reached fine climaxes, but at other times his voice would break, and there would be the unpleasant forcing of which I have spoken. He had no solo work other than that in the choral works in which he took part. Mr. Remmert, if he would improve the manner of producing his notes in the higher range of his voice, would take a much higher position as an artist. Such an improvement is possible, and should be considered. Madame Donaldi I simply dismiss with this regretful word: she is no singer, and her powers of voice are given out without any seeming regard for tune or expression. I will not attempt to criticize her performances, but pass them by with kindly silence.

Our home singers deserve some mention. Miss McCarthy sang with good taste, and was able to make her solo work heard. She received the applause of the audience. Mr. Schultze also did very well, although his light sweet voice could not be heard to full advantage in such a large place. Particular mention should be made of Miss Ettie Butler, who sang the part of the youth, in *Elijah*. Such was the purity of her tones that they were heard all over the building, although she has a small voice. It is the purity, and vibratory quality of a tone that makes it penetrate space, and not extreme loudness.

One of the absurd performances of the Fest was that of Mr. Breyschuck of New York, who had the courage to play a harp solo in this great place. He is said to be a very fine player, but the number of persons who heard him on this occasion must have been small. I saw that he was playing, but that is all the benefit I received from the performance.

The principal works, with the chorus, were the *Odysseus*, first part of *Elijah*, Reissmann's *Death of Drusus*, and the Ninth Symphony, Beethoven. There were three different choruses: that called the "Festival Chorus," numbering five hundred voices, the Beethoven Society, augmented to about four hundred voices, and the large Männerchor, of about one thousand more. The Festival Chorus sang in the *Odysseus* and the Ninth Symphony, the Beethoven Society in *Elijah*, while the Männerchor gave Reissmann's work, and other smaller pieces. The Apollo Club of our city only sang in the "Farewell to the North" scene of Bruch's *Frithjof*. The Festival Chorus did some very good work in the *Odysseus* and also produced a body of tone that was quite satisfying, yet for so large a place such a work as this is rather too much drawn out. It contains so many slow movements that a large audience will not sympathize with the progress of the dramatic unfolding. The recitatives are too long, and also too many, and thus the people become tired of waiting for a climax.

In the Ninth Symphony this chorus was not full enough to do justice to this great work. We all know how trying it is upon the singers, and that we have always to consider this fact as we look at the shortcomings of the vocal part of the work. In passing, I may say that even the quartet of soloists were unable to do justice to their parts. The Beethoven Society in the *Elijah* did some very satisfactory work, although the same difficulty, the size of the building, told against them. But this melodious work of Mendelssohn's seemed to please the audience as

much as anything that was produced at this Fest. The Männerchor, numbering one thousand voices, did some very fine work. In the old-time songs—like the Battle Prayer of Möhring—they produced a fulness of tone that was very satisfying. The balance of the parts was good, and there was a light and shade that such a body of voices could only produce. In the *Salamis*, by Max Bruch, and in the "Brunnen Wunderbar" of Abt, this chorus did some very interesting work.

The dramatic scene *The Death of Drusus*, by Reissmann, did not impress me as very important. Some of the orchestral music is very pleasing, and a number of the choruses are quite difficult, but the work lacks that spirit of greatness that would lift it into the higher rank. The march and chorus is perhaps as pleasing a number as any. The soprano part is intended for a very dramatic singer, but it is written in such a manner that it cannot be said to be pleasing. It attempts to be descriptive, and deals with the emotional element as a work of this kind should, but not in a manner that can please. It has some good points, but as a whole is very disappointing. The Festival Chorus appeared with the leading soloists in the third scene from *Lohengrin*. In this there was some very fine work done. Mr. Candidus sang the famous "Song to the Swan" very well, and his rendering "Elsa, ich liebe dich!" was given with splendid power and sentiment. The whole scene was very interesting.

The orchestral numbers of importance were the Ninth Symphony, Schumann's Symphony in C-major, Liszt's Symphonic poems, "The Preludes," and "Tasso." In overtures the programmes only presented modern writers, and those of a popular order. There was some very interesting playing from the orchestra. It did not give performances of as high an order as Mr. Thomas's band, but it was pleasing to know that our home men, when aided by a few musicians from the near cities, could form so good an orchestra.

Mr. Balatka, the conductor, deserves great credit for his hard work in this Fest. He endeavored to do all that was possible to make the affair a musical success. His invitation to the American societies to join them in this festival has made a better feeling among all the musicians in the city. With co-operation it will be possible for us to have great festivals. The financial outcome will not be as large as was expected. Although some of the audiences numbered over eight thousand persons, and the general attendance was good, still the large expenses make great demands upon the cash box. I think, however, there will be no loss. Had the last day of the festival not been darkened by the sad news from Washington there would have been great enthusiasm at the last performances. As it was, the reality of life took possession of the people, and art was passed by with a most respectful forbearance. C. H. BRITTAN.

CHICAGO, July 4.

NATIONAL MUSIC TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, AT ALBANY.

The fifth annual meeting of the National Music Teachers' Association was held in High School Hall, Albany, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, July 5, 6 and 7. The attendance was very large and the meetings were well conducted. Feneion B. Rice, of Oberlin, Ohio, was the President and ruling officer. He was ably assisted by Mr. Edgar S. Werner, Secretary, John G. Parkhurst, of Albany, Treasurer, and the Executive Committee.

The first day's proceedings were as follows:—

FIRST DAY.—JULY 5.

9 A. M.

Organization. Rev. Irving Magee, D. D.,
Prayer Pastor First Lutheran Church, Albany.
Address of Welcome Prof. Charles W. Cole,
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Albany, N. Y.
Address by the President Feneion B. Rice, Mus. Doc.,
Director Oberlin (O.) Conservatory of Music.

Address: "Sources of Musical Enjoyment," J. C. Fillmore, Milwaukee, Wis., Professor of Music, Milwaukee College.
Address: "Piano Playing and Technique" Louis Maas, Boston, formerly Professor in Leipzig Conservatory of Music.

2 P. M.

Piano Recital Louis Maas, Boston,
assisted by Mme. Bertha Maas.
Address: "People's music," Eugene Thayer, Boston, Mass.

8 P. M.

Organ Recital Eugene Thayer,
Boston, Mass., at First Presbyterian Church, cor. Hudson Avenue and Philip Street.
Vocal Selections, Mme. Clara M. Brinkerhoff, New York.

At the afternoon piano recital Mr. Louis Maas's programme was as follows:—

1. Concerto (C-minor), Op. 12 (the orchestral part on a second piano) allegro maestoso, intermezzo, presto finale, Louis Maas
2. Nocturne No. 1, Op. 27, Chopin
- Impromptu No. 2, Op. 5, Maas
- Etude (C-minor, for left hand), Chopin
- Grand Prelude and Organ Fugue (A-minor, for piano, by Liszt), Bach
3. Menuetto (B-minor), Schubert
- Moment Musical, Schubert
- Spinning Song (from "Flying Dutchman"), Liszt
- Valse d'après Schubert, Liszt
- Waldesrauschen Etude, Liszt
- Valse Brillant, Rubinstein

The pianoforte playing of Mr. Maas was warmly applauded, and in response to a very enthusiastic encore he played Liszt's "Marche Hongroise."

The programme for the second day was as follows:—

SECOND DAY.—JULY 6.

9 A. M.

Prayer Rev. William S. Smart, D. D.,
Pastor First Congregational Church, Albany.
Address: "Song Eloquence vs. Chaos,"

H. S. Perkins, Chicago, Ill.
Address: "Half truths of Vocal Culture,"

F. W. Root, Chicago, Ill.
Discussion: "Tonic Sol-fa System,"
Opened by Theodore Seward, Orange, N. J.

2 P. M.

Piano Recital Albert R. Parsons, New York.
Discussion: "Music in the Public Schools,"
Opened by N. Coe Stewart, Cleveland, O.,
Supt. Musical Instruction in Cleveland Public Schools.

8 P. M.

Address: "Church Music,"
Dr. F. L. Ritter, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,
Professor of Music, Vassar College.

The second day's proceedings were quite brisk and excitable, as the discussion of the Tonic Sol-fa question aroused the ire of nearly every member of the Association, and Mr. Seward was very often in the position of the under dog in the fight. In fact, he was completely routed by the efforts of Mr. H. E. Holt, of Boston, whose clear statements of the utter uselessness of this superfluous system of notation were heartily applauded. It was impossible for Mr. Seward to make any converts, though he expressed himself very forcibly, and, at times, very clearly; but the questions of Mr. Arthur Mees, of Cincinnati, and of Mr. Holt frequently nonplussed him, as it did those members of the Association who said that they had adopted the system because it was easier and required less exertion on the part of the teacher and the pupil; a very poor and lamentable excuse, surely.

The discussion on "Music in Public Schools" was good, and Mr. Stewart presented a good case, and Mr. Holt, Mme. Brinkerhoff and others took part in its discussion.

The following was the programme of Mr. Parsons's recital:—

- Fantaisie Brillante, Op. 49, Chopin
- Barcarolle Ballade, Op. 12 (Miss.), Oscar Weil
- Ballade, Op. 74, Raff
- Sonata, Op. 47, Ferd. Hiller
- Capriccio, from Op. 5, Mendelssohn
- (Liszt's interpretation, as communicated by Bulow.)
- Album Sonata, R. Wagner
- Tarantelle (Venezia e Napoli), Liszt

The following was the programme of the last day's session:—

THIRD DAY.—THURSDAY, JULY 7.

9 A. M.

Address: "The Practical Value of Studying Theory to all Students of Music,"

Arthur Mees, College of Music, Cincinnati, O.

Address: "The Basis and Usages of Harmony,"

Calvin B. Cady, Ann Arbor, Mich., Professor of Music,
Michigan University.

11 A. M.

Piano Address and Recital Silas G. Pratt, Chicago, Ill.

2 P. M.

A Plea for the Music Teachers' National Association.

Charles W. Sykes, Chicago, Ill.

Reports of Committees; Election of Officers; Miscellaneous Business.

Organ Recital A. A. Stanley, Providence, R. I.
6 P. M.

Complimentary Concert in the Park tendered to the Music Teachers' National Association by Austin's Band.

8 P. M.

Piano Recital W. H. Sherwood, Boston, Mass.

The address of Mr. Mees was very scholarly and able, and was delivered in a highly intelligent manner, and proved him to be thoroughly conversant with his subject.

The following was the programme of Mr. Sherwood's recital:—

"Les Preludes," Symphonic Poem for two Pianos.

F. Liszt

Mr. H. G. Hanchett of St. Louis and Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood

Vocal—"Oh! That we Two were Maying" Gounod

Miss Daisy Hall.

Gavotte Celebre, G-minor

Loure from third Violoncello Suite Bach

Fugue, G-minor, Op. 5 Rheinberger

Two Preludes in A, Novelette in C

Mazourka in C-minor, Song without words (Joyful Expectations"), Manuscript; composed in Berlin, 1872-3

Wm. H. Sherwood

Vocal: a. "Die Meere" Heinrich Hofmann

b. "The Eyes of Spring" Robert Franz

c. "I Love Thee" August Wilhelmj

Mr. Carl N. Greig.

Scherzo from Sonata, Op. 35 Chopin

Warum? (Why?) Op. 12, No. 3

Romanza, F-sharp, Op. 28, No. 2 Schumann

"Spinnerlied" (Spinning Song) from the

"Flying Dutchman" Wagner-Liszt

Waltz from "Faust" Gounod-Liszt

Mr. Sherwood.

Vocal: a. "C'est mon Ami" Queen Marie Antoinette

b. "Es war ein Traum" Lassen

c. "Primavera" Gounod

Miss Daisy Hall.

"Wanderer Fantaisie," in C, Op. 15 Schubert

(Orchestral accompaniment, arranged for second piano by

Liszt, played by Mr. Hanchett.

Mr. Sherwood.

ALBANIAN-TROJAN.

Correspondence American Art Journal.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Two "Philharmonics?" or one within another? A few weeks since it was publicly announced that the Boston Philharmonic Society had elected Mr. Louis Maas as the conductor of its orchestral concerts for the coming season. Now we read the following:—

At the annual meeting of the Boston Philharmonic orchestra it was voted unanimously to continue the organization intact, with Mr. Bernhard Listemann as conductor. The Philharmonic orchestra expressed their confidence in and respect for Mr. Listemann's pre-eminent ability as a conductor, believing that to his exertions the public owe the improvement and increased interest in orchestral music in Boston. The Philharmonic orchestra intend to give a limited number of subscription concerts during the coming season, the details of which will soon be made public.

—Manager Peck has concluded his arrangements for the first production in this city of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet*, the dates fixed being Friday evening, Oct. 14, and Saturday afternoon, Oct. 15. The orchestra will number between seventy-five and eighty musicians, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, and the chorus will be that formed last season by Mr. J. B. Sharland. The engagement of Mr. Geo. Henschel to do the rôle of Friar Lawrence has been made, and Julius Jordan will be the Romeo. The cast otherwise will be a strong one, and every effort will be made to make the presentation or the work a notable opening of the season.

—Mr. Higginson's series of concerts promise to be notable for their vocalists, as well as for their orchestral attractions, as Miss Annie Louise Cary and Mr. M. W. Whitney have been engaged as the soloists of the first two concerts.

—Mr. Ernst Perabo sails for Europe on the 21st inst. for a prolonged absence abroad, though he has not definitely settled upon his place of residence.

—The musical critic of the *Gazette*, apropos of the pretty-girl operetta of the Boston Museum, called *Cinderella at School*, has the following pertinent remarks upon the way in which these things are very often made up musically:—

Later reflection upon the musical features of the piece have excited in us some serious thoughts regarding the stage of musical development at which the title of composer may be assumed. We opine that no one may claim that rank in any degree who has not made a study of music. A mere tune-maker, whose invention is exhausted at the end of sixteen bars, who does not know one chord from another, who cannot even write down the melodies he thinks he has originated, and whose ear knows no wider range of harmony than the tonic, the dominant and the diminished seventh, and who has no keener sense of rhythms than such as are conventional to the variety hall, can scarcely be considered a composer in the widest latitude of the word.

The process of evolving what is familiarly known as American comic opera is somewhat complicated. The writer of the music, who generally "plays by ear," sits at a piano and strums away patiently under the inspiring memory of the cheaper melodies that have attained a wide popularity, until he has made a paraphrase of one of them. This he disguises sufficiently to take from it the appearance of literal plagiarism. When he has reached this point, he has "composed" a tune. His next difficulty is to perpetuate it in black and white. As he cannot write it down himself, he calls in to his aid a professional musician, who confides it to paper, licks it into proper shape, endows it with harmonies and provides the accompaniment. This process is repeated over and over again until all the solos are written. The "composer" of this description rarely ventures on a duet; a trio is one of the things he religiously avoids; and concerted music is so far beyond his capabilities, both paraphrastic and plagiaristic, that it has no existence in his imagination. This is easily understood by the fact that anything beyond a mere song calls for a slight amount of musical knowledge, which, small as it may be, is utterly beyond his achievement. He will sometimes venture on a chorus,—that is, he will laboriously produce its tune; but from that point the professional musician has to be called in again to fit in the harmonies and to arrange the voice parts. All of this would not be so bad if these "composers" manifested the slightest originality. Their ignorance of the rules of musical grammar might possibly be condoned in the manifestation of true, though crude, musical genius; but, unfortunately, they are only musical forgers, who change the face of other people's music in the hope to make it pass current for their own. They do not compose, they compound. Without the slightest knowledge of music, vulgar in taste, barren of invention, and dealing in the highest flights of their ambition with no more elevated inspiration than the repetition of conventional commonplaces, unable even to write down the mosaic tunes they piece together,—they are no more entitled to recognition as musicians—to say nothing of the absurdity of calling them composers—than those who manufacture square puzzles and other riddles for the juvenile columns of magazines and newspapers are entitled to the rank of literateurs.

And all of this as an indignant protest against the frequent allusions we see, every now and then, to these tune-makers as American composers.

MUSIC ABROAD.

LONDON. The *Athenæum* (June 25) has the following account of the first performance (at the Royal Italian Opera) of Rubinstein's opera, *Il Demonio*:—

It was known that Herr Rubinstein entertained a complete antipathy to the Wagnerian system, and few could have imagined that he would have the temerity—we can employ no other word—to ignore altogether the modern feeling in favor of greater recognition of the dramatic element in opera. To say nothing of Germany, we cannot find in the French school of so-called grand opera a work so innocent of dramatic import, so suggestive of nothing but the mere musical effect of the moment, as *Il Demonio*. True, the poem of Lermontoff, from which the subject is taken, is striking and in a certain degree beautiful; but in the hands of the librettist Wiskowatoff it has become feeble, meaningless and absurd. The book of *Robert le Diable*, to which it bears some slight resemblance, is a

marvel of consistency and dignity by comparison. The leading points of the action are as follows: The Evil Spirit holds a colloquy with an Angel of Light who preaches repentance, and holds out a promise even of forgiveness if he will renounce his designs against heaven and mankind. The Demon rejects the proposal with scorn, and vows destruction to all created things. But immediately afterwards he sees Tamara, the lovely daughter of Prince Gudal, and conceives an ardent passion for her. As Tamara is betrothed to Prince Sinodal, who is now journeying through the Caucasus towards the home of his promised bride, the destruction of his rival is the Demon's first design. This is accomplished through the instrumentality of a band of Tartar cut-throats, who plunder the caravan and effectively despatch its chief. When Tamara hears of her lover's death she seeks refuge in the cloister; but the Demon, who has already sorely perplexed her by sundry appearances at odd times and strange words of love poured into her ear, boldly enters her cell and declares his love, offering even to renounce his evil ways if she will respond to his affection. Thus assailed, Tamara is on the point of giving way, but the Angel of Light interposes and causes her to expire at the right moment; leaving the fiend in despair at her loss. In this bizarre story the feature which will at once arrest attention is the curious and inexplicable nature of the Demon. The defiant words he utters in the opening scene are shown to be mere bravado, as he is ready to renounce his power for the sake of an earthly maiden. The attributes of humanity with which he is endowed effectually banish the element of terror, while the infernal part of him renders sympathy impossible. A compound of Milton's Satan, Byron's Lucifer and Manfred, and Eugene Sue's Wandering Jew, he lacks the finest qualities of each, and becomes thoroughly unsatisfactory, tiresome, and monotonous. The other characters are very shadowy, and it is impossible to follow their movements with any degree of interest.

The only conceivable reason why Herr Rubinstein should select such a libretto is the fact of the scene being laid in the Russian Caucasus, which has enabled him to introduce a noteworthy proportion of local coloring. This is chiefly apparent in the first act, where in there is little trace indeed of dramatic force. The choruses of good and evil spirits in the opening scene are worked up to a climax more in the style of oratorio than opera. The next episode between Tamara and her maidens by the river serves to introduce several Oriental melodies, of which the first, in five-bar rhythm, is the most characteristic, if not the most pleasing. The vocal accompaniment, which Tamara sings in a species of free florid counterpoint, is very happily contrived, and the whole scene is attractive, though its dramatic import is less than nothing. In the next scene, Prince Sinodal's encampment in the mountains, further national tunes, of a wilder and more rugged type, are added to the previous list, even Sinodal's love-song partaking of the same flavor. This method of procedure is well enough in its way, but the recitatives have already warned us of Herr Rubinstein's failure to grasp the true dramatic style, and his weakness is painfully apparent in the *finale* of the act descriptive of the Tartar attack and victory. In the next act, amid a certain amount that is trivial, may also be found much that is original and powerful. We have reached the wedding festivities of Tamara, and, as a matter of course, pending the arrival of the bridegroom, there are a chorus of rejoicing, *viva ognor*, a drinking chorus, *Nel vin, licor divin*, and a ballet. The last is entirely successful, the music being thoroughly original and full of local color. The news of Prince Sinodal's assassination leads to a lengthy concerted piece, modelled on the Italian style. There is a peculiarly felicitous effect at the close, where the Demon's protestations to Tamara are accorded prominence, all the remaining voices maintaining subdued harmony. Excellent, too, is the subsequent appeal he makes to the stupefied maiden, with its picturesquely orchestrated accompaniment. In order to form an effective climax to the act, according to conventional operatic notion, Gudal, Tamara's father, is bidden to avenge the young prince's death, and forthwith there is a general agreement to depart at once for the battlefield. We can forgive the transparency of this device for the sake of the war chorus, which is barbaric and at the same time very telling.

In the third act there is little to note except an extremely lengthy and, on the whole, very fine duet for Tamara and the Demon. Some of the music is intensely expressive, but the contest is too prolonged, and the cuts made in performance were judicious. The religious music accompanying the apotheosis of the heroine is rather conventional, and was probably written under the influence of the corresponding situ-

ation in Gounod's *Faust*. To sum up, at any rate for the present, the most successful portions of *Il Demonio* are those where dramatic feeling is not required. Perhaps fortunately, very little action takes place on the stage, and, with the exception of the ballet, the music would be almost equally effective in the concert-room. How oddly this sounds as applied to a modern opera only six years old, every one will admit. There is much that is charming in *Il Demonio*, but, in order to enjoy it thoroughly, we must for the time have no sense of the ridiculous, and must also forget the higher results which have been produced by the felicitous union of music, poetry and drama. A few words with regard to the performance are all that can be given at present. The advantage of Herr Rubinstein's personal supervision at rehearsal must have been very great, and we have seldom heard an elaborate opera go so smoothly at a first rendering. The principal singers were in every instance well chosen. Madame Albani invested the colorless Tamara with as much human feeling as possible, and her share in the performance was a complete triumph. The same high praise may be given to M. Lassalle, who sang the frequently beautiful strains allotted to the Demon with perfect expression. Valuable help was rendered by Madame Trebelli, Signor Marini, Signor Silvestri and Signor de Reszke.

—At Covent Garden Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* ("The Abduction from the Seraglio") was revived after a long period of rest. The *Times* says:—

The reception of *Il Seraglio* at Covent Garden proved to be much more favorable than some amateurs anticipated. It was thought, not unreasonably, that an opera written in such a style, having very little action, a plot of no great interest, very few ensembles, and but moderate scenic display, would appeal in vain to a public used to more sensational fare. Mozart, however, was too strong for his drawbacks. The music laid the audience under a spell, helped thereto by a performance which left few or none of its beauties unrevealed. Much credit is due to M. Dupont and those associated with him in producing the opera for the spirit in which their work was so obviously done. They felt that Mozart deserved a practical proof of reverence and honor, and gave it without grudging. As regards the principal artists, they may or may not have cared about Mozart, but if not, the same end was reached by a different road. It is true that the exceptional music was not, in every instance, sung as written, owing to sheer lack of physical means. For instance, M. Gailhard, who played Osmin, is not a Fischer, and when Mozart invited him into the profoundest depths of bass, the artist made a virtue of necessity, and did his best to adapt the text without injuring it. One or two other examples of like change under similar pressure attracted notice, but, on the whole, there was nothing with which fault could reasonably be found, not even the omission of an entire air "Traurigkeit," out of consideration for a singer who had another of the most fatiguing character just later. The artist here referred to was Mme. Sembrich, on account of whose rare powers, it may be, the opera again saw the light. The Polish lady's execution of all the music showed that she knew it perfectly, and suggested that she loved it well, but her delivery of the great song was an achievement to be remembered. For fluent vocalization, brilliant style, and sustained strength, this effort deserved to rank among the best in operatic annals. The house applauded vociferously, and Mme. Sembrich repeated the air with no sign of strain upon her means. As Blonde, Constanze's English maid, Mdle. Valleria again put her mark upon the season. She looked charming in her Eastern dress, sang all her music, especially the beautiful air, "Durch Zärtlichkeit und Schmeicheln," with grace and refinement, and played the part with the full measure of archness and vivacity required. Indeed, the powers of this lady as a *comédienne* never before appeared to greater advantage. As regards the male artists, it was perhaps fortunate that they were all, or at least the three principals, Frenchmen, and therefore willing and able to act as well as sing. We have referred to M. Gailhard in one capacity, and this is the place to add that he impersonated Osmin with much skill, bringing well forward the mingled stupidity and fanaticism of the Bashaw's overseer. A stranger, M. Soulaçoix, played Pedrillo, the lover of Blonde, with even greater success. M. Soulaçoix can sing, but he is more an actor than a vocalist, and his vivacity and point soon commanded favorable regard. This was especially the case in the scene where Pedrillo tempts Osmin with wine, and makes him drunk. The duet had to be repeated, and when Pedrillo, putting his helpless chief on his back, carried him off, there was a special round of applause, followed by a recall. As Belmont, M. Vergnet appeared to distinct advantage.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 3, 1881.

Entered at the Post Office at Boston as second-class matter.

THE PUBLISHERS WILL REFUND THE UNEXPIRED SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC. THEY DESIRE TO CLOSE THE JOURNAL ACCOUNTS AS PROMPTLY AS POSSIBLE, AND REQUEST THOSE WHO ARE INDEBTED EITHER FOR SUBSCRIPTION OR ADVERTISING TO REMIT THE AMOUNT WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PUBLISHERS,

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.,

4 PARK ST., BOSTON, MASS.

HENRI VIEUXTEMPS'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.¹

(Concluded from page 112.)

My father and I now returned to Brussels and the winter of 1834-35 was devoted to excursions in Belgium and Holland. In that of 1835-36 we went to Paris, where I worked principally at composition under Reicha. I now began trying my hand at something more important in form and idea than the "Air with Variations," then exclusively the fashion. My notion always was to combine the grand Viotti form of concerto with modern mechanism and exigencies, and I set about carrying it out, to the best of my power, in several pieces of different character, comprising some Concertinos, wherein I condensed as much as possible the three styles. These worthless essays were never printed, with the exception of the Concerto in F-sharp major, which a publisher thought fit to publish, without my knowledge, as the Second Concerto. I performed them, however, during my travels in Germany, from 1836 to 1837, on my way to Vienna, and from 1837 to 1838, when shaping my course for the first time towards St. Petersburg, in company with Henselt, whom I met at Warsaw. They were everywhere well received and applauded. This first visit to St. Petersburg encouraged my father to return there the next year (the winter of 1838-39) with François Servais, my countryman and friend. After giving together a series of concerts at Riga, where we became exceedingly well acquainted with a young and amiable chapelmaster, Richard Wagner, we went to Dorpat and Narva. In the latter town I had a very severe illness, which compelled me to remain there three months with my father, and it was there, too, that, during my nights of sleeplessness and fever, I conceived the germ of a piece, the "Fantaisie-Caprice," since become popular. In the winter of 1838-39, which had been lost through my illness, my father resolved that we should go in the spring to St. Petersburg, and wait there for the season of 1839-40. We spent the summer in the country, and it was in the neighborhood of St. Petersburg, on the banks of a thread of a stream called the Tschornoretschka, that I wrote, with Servais, the Duet on *Les Huguenots*, besides composing my Concerto in E (Op. 10), and terminating the "Fantaisie-Caprice" (Op. 11), compositions which I played for the first time at the Grand Theatre, St. Petersburg, on the 16th March, 1840, and which were received with enthusiasm and surprise. The sensation made was extraordinary and almost Eu-

ropean, becoming more and more marked and stronger at Brussels (July, 1840), at Antwerp, on the occasion of Rubens's statue being inaugurated there (August, 1840), and particularly on my re-appearance at the Conservatory Concerts, Paris (12th January, 1840). It was a revelation become legendary, a genuine consecration. I remained in the great capital all the winter of 1841, and in the spring went to London. I visited Belgium and Holland from 1841 to 1842; Germany and Austria, particularly Vienna and Pesth, 1842 to 1843.

Towards the end of 1843 I embarked for New York, where I remained for a considerable part of the winter of 1844. I visited, successively, Boston, Albany, and a large portion of the Northern States, crossed the Gulf of Mexico, and played in Vera Cruz, Mexico, and Havana; then, re-entering the United States at New Orleans, I ascended the rivers Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio; saw Washington and Philadelphia, and, at last, in the month of July, started from New York for Europe. These distant wanderings had not the results which people might imagine. At that period the inhabitants of the United States of America were not smitten with music-mania as at the present day. I went there too soon; I was too classical for them, and, with the exception of a few choice spirits who could appreciate my efforts, the only thing with which I could charm the Yankees and excite their enthusiasm was their national theme, "Yankee Doodle," with which I became popular, and, whether I would or no, made my mark, opening up the road for others. It was on my return from these long and fatiguing travels that I published Op. 6, Variations on a Theme from *Il Pirata*; Op. 7 and 8, Seven Romances without Words; Op. 9, "Hommage à Paganini;" Op. 10, Grand Concerto in E-major; Op. 11, "Fantaisie-Caprice;" Op. 12, Sonata for Piano and Violin; Op. 13, Duet on *Oberon*, with Ed. Wolff; Op. 14, Duet on *Le Duc d'Olonne*, with Ed. Wolff; Op. 15, "Les Arpèges;" Op. 16, "Six Etudes de Concert;" Op. 17, "Souvenir d'Amérique sur 'Yankee Doodle';" Op. 18, "*Norma*, for the Fourth String;" and Op. 19, "Concerto in F-sharp minor." Whether in a railway carriage, or on board a steamer, I never ceased composing. But this over-excitement was destined to be followed by unfortunate results, and the state of my health forced me to go through a long curative process at Cannstadt (August, September, and October, 1844). I composed there my Concerto in A-major (Op. 25), which I played for the first time at Brussels (January, 1845), and afterwards in several other Belgian cities. I performed it, also, a good deal in London during the season, and, the year following, in Germany, at Vienna, Pesth, Berlin, etc.

It was in Berlin that I received, in the spring of 1846 (March, I think), a pressing invitation from Count Mathieu Wielhorski to go to St. Petersburg as Violinist to his Majesty the Emperor Nicolas and the Imperial Theatres, and professor at the School of Music. The terms appeared brilliant, and, somewhat wearied by my long wanderings, I gradually came to look upon the offer as ex-

ceedingly acceptable, the end of the matter being that I consented to go and bury myself for the best years of life in the land of snow and frost. I took up my residence, therefore, in St. Petersburg from September, 1846, to September, 1852, when an attempt was made to introduce into my agreement certain stipulations which were unacceptable to me. I declined consenting to them, and left the country of fraud, with its elegant, refined, and seductive society. I vegetated in Russia, agreeably I grant, but still it was only vegetating, from 26 to 32 years of age, the best years in a man's life. Nevertheless, I was kept up by art, and despite the excessive cold, and the phenomena of northern climates, I composed a great many more or less important things, among them being my Concerto in D-minor, which, in 1853, was of singular use in re-calling me to the memory of the artistic world at Vienna, Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, etc., as well as Paris, Brussels, and London. I spent the winter of 1855 in Belgium, and at the end of that year settled at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, in the environs of which city I purchased a little country estate. It was at Drei-Eichenhain, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, that I certainly spent the happiest days of my life. Though the house was a genuine peasant's habitation, it was idyllic; the most perfect calm reigned around, and the air was unusually pure, while before my eyes stretched the chain of the Taunus. In this enchanting retreat it was that I wrote certain things which are decidedly more impregnated with nature than any others from my pen.

From this spot I made excursions in all directions, in the neighborhood, along the Rhine, to Baden, Belgium, France, and England, always returning home with delight. This quiet life was not destined to last long, for, in 1857, a celebrated speculator tracked me out and persuaded me to accept an offer for the United States of America, but with a resuscitated celebrity, Sigismund Thalberg, who was creating a *furor* there. I yielded to the temptation, and once more embarked for those distant shores, accompanied by my wife and "Yankee Doodle." I soon perceived that Ole Bull, Sivori, Henri Herz, Leopold Meyer, Jenny Lind, Damoreau, Albani, etc., had been there and worked wonders. Ignorance was disappearing, instinct being revealed, and the want of harmony as well as the power of comprehension being awakened. The trip lasted a year, and was full of adventures. I returned to Europe in July, 1858, and hastened to regain my little nest and my flowers at Drei-Eichenhain. I spent the winter of 1858-59 in Paris. I put the last touch to my 5th Concerto in A-minor, composed with an eye to the violin competition, for which I had been asked to write it, at the Brussels Conservatory. Henri Wieniawski attracted attention to it by his really prodigious execution in Russia and in Germany, in England and in France. Quite recently it has been adopted for the violin competitions at the Paris Conservatory (1878).

Towards the end of 1859, I visited several towns in Northern Germany, besides going to

¹From *Le Gazette Musicale*.

St. Petersburg and Moscow, where I had left a great many acquaintances. Skirting the Gulf of Finland and passing by Hamburg (March, 1860) and through Denmark, I next proceeded to Stockholm (May, 1860), where I had been invited for the coronation festivities of the King, Charles XV. In 1861, still settled with my family at Frankfort-on-the-Maine (Drei-Eichenhain), I made excursions to the right and left, taking part in the tours of artists on exhibition, which were then all the rage, thanks to an American *impresario*, now become as celebrated as Barnum and others such. In this fashion I repeatedly traversed Germany, France, Austria, and England. I will not dilate on these tours, which were more speculative than artistic, though I always strove as much as I could to preserve for them a character of grandeur and dignity. It was an irresistible current, which had its day. This lasted till 1866, when the political situation, big with events, obliged me to leave Germany and settle in Paris, where profound sorrows and painful bereavements awaited me. In July, 1866, I lost my father. I was deeply affected by the sad event. He was my first guide; my initiator by intuition and paternal love.

In 1867, I went, somewhat in the capacity of a packet of music, to Italy, which it had been my dream to visit as an artist, and, in 1868, on the 20th June, after returning from France, I had the indescribable sorrow to lose my wife, the companion of my life for twenty-four years.¹ To divert my thoughts and deaden my despair, I gave myself up more than ever to the most intense hard work, to journeys, and to mad changes of place. In the winter of 1868-69, I visited for the last time, with my *impresario*, some towns in Holland, Hamburg, Denmark, and Sweden; I went to London for the season, and, during the winter of 1869-70, remained almost entirely in Paris, busying myself much with composition, which did not prevent me from making a few trips in the Provinces, Belgium, and Holland. In the month of May, 1870, Max Strakosch proposed that I should make a third voyage to the United States of America in company with a fair and celebrated vocalist, then very popular. I agreed the more willingly as the Franco-German War was imminent and the voice of the cannon threatened to silence every other, as it really afterwards did. We started on the 30th August for New York, where we began, on the 12th or 15th September following, an uninterrupted series through the United States of a hundred and twenty most brilliant and lucrative concerts. They proved extraordinarily attractive, and recalled to mind the fabulous reign of Jenny Lind. I found that immense progress had been made since my previous visit. Everywhere grand philharmonic societies and artistic associations had been formed; a taste for serious music had been manifested and developed; and, taking into due consideration the Yankees' naturally extravagant love of eccentricity, I have no doubt that in time a logical process of refinement will take

¹ Josephine Eder, born at Vienna, the 15th December, 1815, was only a pianist, and never was a singer on the stage as has been asserted. — *Ed. Gazette Musicale*.

place, and render this new nation perfectly fitted to discern, understand, and assimilate great and high art. On the termination of the tour in May, 1871, I declined the proposals made me by the Central States and California, and hastened back to Paris, where I found, alas! as a result of recent events, heart-rending changes and apparently irreparable disorder. I stopped only a few days, and then went in *villagiatore* to Belgium. I was at Brussels in the midst of the re-organization of the Conservatory of Music, consequent on the death of M. Fétis and the nomination of M. Gevaert in his place. Being desirous of continuing the traditions of my old and venerated master, Ch. de Bériot, and of preserving them for my country, I agreed to the proposals of M. Gevaert, and accepted the place of director of the Finishing Class (*Classe de Perfectionnement*) in the Brussels Conservatory. I discharged the duties of the office from 1871 to 1873, adding to them during the second year those of director of the Popular Concerts. I gave a vigorous and new impetus to the institution, which was falling into a somewhat tottering condition. I devoted myself passionately and frantically to the work. I spent my nights in reading and filling my mind with the scores of the old composers, and of such among the moderns as interested and captivated me, without allowing my attention to be diverted either from my beloved instrument or from whatever might inspire my fancy. Whether I worked more than my strength would allow; whether there was too much strain on the mind and the nervous system; or whether it was the fatigue of all kinds, physical and moral pre-occupation, various annoyances and causes of vexation, which rapidly undermined my health, I know not; but on the 13th September, 1873, I was attacked by a cruel disease, which reduced me to nothingness. Paralysis of all the left side, especially the *hand*, suddenly reduced me to silence. All my strength was taken away; all my vigor suppressed; all my energy destroyed. Thanks to the devotion of my son-in-law, Dr. Ed. Landowski, and of my kind old friend, Dr. Piogety, who got the highest medical celebrities of Paris, whom I thank with all the power of my soul, to take an interest in my case, the profound despair which at first took possession of me gradually calmed down. Five years have elapsed since the fearful calamity, the mere recollection of which annihilates me, and renews all my anguish; I cannot describe all that these gentlemen have done and tried, and all that their affectionate and vigilant care is still incessantly trying, in order to complete my cure, although the state of my health is now very satisfactory, and I can move my hand, without, however, being able to use it as vigorously as I could wish. It is to them that I owe my having been able to find consolation in the exercise of my art by busying myself with composition, and even publishing, since my terrible misfortune, the *Voix intimes* and the Concerto for Violoncello. I go on working, and am putting the last touches to many things, which may or may not see the light. After my illness I naturally tendered my resignation as professor in the Brussels Conserv-

atory, but the then Minister, M. Delcour, would not accept it, graciously begging me to continue as an honorary member of the professional staff. Last year (1877), feeling better and in stronger health, I was able gradually to resume my duties, and to set going again my class, which had had to suffer somewhat from the complications and incertitude caused by my illness.

WEBER'S *PRECIOSA*.

This fast-waning season has not offered throughout its entire course a more delightful entertainment than the *Preciosa* of Pius Alexander Wolff, as performed on Monday night by the Meiningen Company at Drury Lane Theatre. The play was, of course, given with Carl Maria von Weber's incidental music, and thus to the attraction of a perfect dramatic *ensemble* was added the charm of strains as characteristic and beautiful as any ever conceived by him whom the world recognizes as *par excellence* the composer of chivalry and romance. So many years have elapsed since *Preciosa* was last offered to an English audience, that we may safely regard it as new to the present generation—new, we mean in its entirety, the overture, as is well known, having an occasional place in concert programmes, and the choruses being a common feature in the repertory of vocal associations. Under these circumstances it may not prove amiss to dwell a little upon the origin and character of the work. Wolff appears to have already written his gypsy drama when Weber made his acquaintance at Weimar in 1812. He was then a well-known actor of the high-and-dry classical school, but so much a romanticist at heart that, whenever he put off the toga and took up the pen, he discoursed themes dear to the soul, not only of Weber, but of all Germans who looked for a purely German stage. As soon as *Preciosa* was completed, Wolff applied to Eberwein for the requisite incidental music, and having obtained what he wished, submitted the entire work to the Berlin Intendant, who rejected it as "likely to create a false interest" in the bands of robbers then infesting the neighborhood of the Prussian capital. Wolff's acquaintance with Weber subsequently ripening into friendship, he was led to ask the composer of *Der Freyschütz* for better music than Eberwein had written. With this request Weber complied, although the result of an earlier effort of the same nature, in connection with Rochlitz's *Der este Ton*, had proved the reverse of encouraging. It is interesting to note with what earnestness and ardor the master threw himself into the task thus imposed. He had but just finished *Der Freyschütz*, and might well have rested pending the bringing out of that triumphant work. Instead of doing so he took up his weary pen once more, not, however, till, with conscientious care, he had steeped his mind in gypsy lore, and breathed the very air of gypsy romance. Many another composer would simply have taken the lines to be illustrated, and jotted down the music without more ado. Weber, on the contrary, read books on gypsy and Spanish life till his imagination became excited in the right direction, afterwards so arranging in his mind the suggestions of his fancy as that he could sit down and write the overture first, though it is made up of themes taken from the body of the work. The music was soon completed. Beginning May 25, 1820, Weber finished the score on July 20, and sent it off, with full directions to Wolff regarding the proper performance of each number. The first representation took place at Berlin in the following March, and we are told that, though newspaper criticism concerned itself very little with the music, the public

recognized at the outset charms which have never since been disputed. It is almost superfluous to speak here of the overture, the one song, "Einsam bin ich," sung by Preciosa, or the concerted numbers. These are more or less familiar, which cannot, however, be said of the music written to accompany certain parts of the dialogue. Some of Weber's most characteristic and striking beauties are here displayed, though comparison with Mendelssohn's later and bolder efforts in the same line—witness *Athalie*, *Antigone*, and *Edipus*—makes the passages seem timid and reticent. However this may be, the fact remains, that Weber's delicate and suggestive music gives infinite charm to the spoken lines, and aids the text no little by helping to complete its poetic environment. The play, we should add, is far from unworthy of such assistance. Though romantic and picturesque from first to last, it does not depend upon these qualities alone for acceptance, but presents several well-marked and skillfully-drawn characters. Such is that of Preciosa herself,—the high-born maid stolen from her parents in childhood by gypsies, and ultimately restored to their arms. Such is that of the old gypsy mother, whose years have certainly not blunted the keenness of her outlook after the "main chance," and such is that of the old soldier who hides a very prudent regard for his own safety beneath the bounce and bluster of warlike speech. Moreover, the interest of the play runs along one broad line, and is easy to follow. No construction could be more simple or better adapted to bear without injury a mass of elaborate accessories.

The performance of the music showed that the Meiningen Company had not neglected to qualify themselves for the generally efficient discharge of such a task. We shall not be expected to say that as exponents of a musical drama they are up to the mark of a great opera troupe; but it is a duty to declare that their rendering of Weber's choruses was such as even fastidious critics could enjoy. The famous "Im Wald" met with admirable treatment at their hands, while Fräulein Schweighofer, as Preciosa, sang the song to which reference has already been made with appropriate simplicity and charming expression. Nothing could have been better than the effect of the little piece, as the singer warbled it unaffectedly from her seat among the rocks far up the stage, to the soft accompaniment of flute and horns stationed behind the scenes. An increased orchestra, ably conducted by Herr Rieff, did justice, on the whole, to Weber's delicate scoring, and, in fine, the musical representation left very little to desire. As for the purely dramatic performance, it was simply perfect. Preciosa, with all her vague unrest and longing for a higher and more congenial life, was most poetically embodied by Fräulein Schweighofer, whose prevailing gentleness and grace made absolutely startling by contrast the fierceness with which her great love swept aside the gypsy captain when he presumed to obstruct its course. Equally good, in the very different part of the gypsy mother, was Fräulein Schmidt—a true personification of that form of shrewdness which is ever alert to make the best, anyhow, of circumstances as they arise. Don Alfonso, Preciosa's devoted lover, was sympathetically represented by Herr Arndt. Herr Hassel kept the audience amused by his broad humor as Pedro, and the small parts of Don Francisco (Herr Teller) and Don Fernando (Herr Richard) were sustained with a skill that suffered no abatement through the probability of being overlooked. As always, with this company, the details of the representation were complete. The gypsies carried illusion to its farthest point. They were gypsies not only in appearance, but in manner—in the wild energy of their dances, in

the abandon of their attitudes, in their childish curiosity about the dress of the lords and ladies who came among them, and in their eagerness to further, to their own advantage, the more equal distribution of property. Upon this, however, we need not insist. The reputation of the German company is sufficient guaranty that nothing which knowledge and skill could do to render the scene complete was left undone. Some of the tableaux were specially effective, and the curtain had to be lifted no less than four times upon that which showed the gypsies in the act of setting out on their march through the forest; Preciosa borne shoulder high upon a litter, and the old mother sitting in a donkey-cart smoking her short pipe with great contentment. That *Preciosa* is one of the greatest triumphs of the German season cannot for a moment be disputed.—*London Times*.

WHAT IS SAID OF IT.

(From the Boston Daily Advertiser, July 18.)

Mr. John S. Dwight announces in *Dwight's Journal of Music* of Saturday that with one more issue its publication will be discontinued. The announcement will be heard with very general regret in musical circles, and many who are not musical in a professional sense will be sorry to learn that this enterprise has not been sustained. During nearly thirty years good music has had no more intelligent and devoted servant than *Dwight's Journal*. Whoever wishes to write the history of music in Boston—we might almost say the history of music in America—for this period must depend upon the *Journal of Music* as his best authority. And whoever succeeds Mr. Dwight in musical journalism will be very fortunate if he succeeds also to his rare accomplishments, his refined though generous judgment, and his loyal enthusiasm.

(From the Boston Journal, July 18.)

Dwight's Journal of Music is to be discontinued. It has performed a worthy mission, and its editor is entitled to a rest after nearly thirty years of hard work for the cause which he has promoted.

(From the Boston Transcript, July 18.)

Mr. Dwight's literary services in the cause of music have been so widely recognized that no mention of them is needed. The discontinuance of the *Journal* will be a cause of quick regret to amateurs and connoisseurs of music, and will leave a gap in journalism which will with difficulty be filled.

(From the Saturday Evening Gazette.)

Dwight's Journal of Music, which is to be discontinued after the next number, has had a long and creditable record in connection with the art to which it has been devoted. Mr. John S. Dwight, its founder, and its editor through all its existence, is a gentleman possessed of a genuine enthusiasm for music, and who has given many years of conscientious and effective effort to its advancement in our country. He has been more identified with its literature during that period than any other American, and he has been creditably known abroad for what he has done in this connection. He will retire with the respect and gratitude of the friends of intellectual and refined culture. The only regret is that his labors have not been pecuniarily more successful. There will, we trust, be a fitting successor to the enterprise from which he withdraws, and in this it is to be hoped the public will have the benefit, at least occasionally, of Mr. Dwight's ripe knowledge and valuable comment.

(From the Commonwealth, July 23.)

Mr. John S. Dwight, editor and projector of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, announces that one more number will conclude its publication. It has been published at a loss, and that is the reason of its discontinuance. It has been of great service in fostering the higher order of music in this country, and none too warm thanks are due Mr. Dwight for his conscientious devotion to this service. We shall regret the loss of his able and honest criticism. The paper has needed more than aught else a good business manager.

(From the Springfield Republican, July 20.)

Dwight's Journal of Music, after twenty-nine years of the finest literary service to music in America,

expires with its next number, whose issue will be delayed for a while. When it was founded there was no musical journalism in the country, nor has there ever been a paper with this specialty to compete with *Dwight's Journal* in its high standard of criticism. Only one or two of the so-called musical papers now existing are of the slightest value to music, or worthy the least respect as literature. Most of them are tenders to publishing firms, and are edited in the most trivial fashion; nor do they as a rule succeed in giving the news,—the daily press forestalls them in that. *Dwight's Journal* has not been of late years a good newspaper; it has not done so well as it could have done; but when we read Mr. Dwight's articles, we felt repaid for waiting,—the musical sense was so exquisite, and the literary expression so fitting in its scholarly grace. John Sullivan Dwight is now sixty-eight years old, and there are not many who remember that he was ordained over forty years ago over the Unitarian Church in Northampton, for his ministerial service was very brief. He was made for other work; his writings set the high-water mark of musical judgment, and no other person has approached his influence in making Bach and Handel and Beethoven, and the rest of the great masters of the classical era in music popularly appreciated. The musical taste of this country owes a great deal to him. His *Journal* ought to have been supported, and would have been if Boston were in a state of musical health. We cannot resist, at this turning-point in Mr. Dwight's enviable life, the temptation to quote from that bright sketch of young Lowell's, in his "Fable for Critics," where, beginning with Hawthorne, he says:—

"When Nature was shaping him, clay was not granted
For making so full-sized a man as she wanted;
So to fill out her model, a little she spared
From some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared;
And she could not have hit a more excellent plan
For making him fully and perfectly man.
The success of her scheme gave her so much delight
That she tried it again, shortly after, in Dwight;
Only, when she was kneading and shaping the clay,
She sang to her work in her sweet childish way,
And found, when she'd put the last touch to his soul,
That the music had somehow got mixed with the whole."

(From the same: Boston Letter, July 21.)

The announcement of the suspension of *Dwight's Journal of Music* after the next number has been received with genuine regret in literary as well as musical circles. The paper has long been an authority in its way, and has stood for the best in musical culture. It has been one of the institutions of Boston, the existence of which was regarded as a credit to the city, a token of the refinement of its culture. Mr. Dwight has constantly maintained the standard high, and has striven persistently to bring the taste of the community up to it. For the present really enviable position of Boston as a musical city, much is certainly due to Mr. Dwight's efforts the past thirty years. For years he was far in advance of the profession and the patrons of music, but he has lived to see a musically educated community grow up where he has worked, and the standard steadily raised. He has been a severe and often harsh critic; but he has also been always intelligent, criticising from well-established principles, and broad, inspired always by the highest and the best motives. He has been an enthusiast, thoroughly devoted to his art, and his journal reflected the purest sentiment and the highest musical culture. It has been intimated that the prospect of the establishment of a new musical journal hastened his determination to bring his publication to a close, but it is not apparent that this is correct. . . . A new musical journal of high standard may, by and by, seek to establish itself in the place occupied by Dwight's, but it is probably the fact that no formal or serious plans have yet been formed. Dwight's stops because it does not receive adequate support. Though it has not been for some time so strong and, perhaps, so attractive as it used to be, it will be greatly missed, and it will be difficult for a new venture to secure the place it has held and the attention and confidence it has received. Mr. Dwight should now write the musical history of Boston and the growth of musical culture in America; some think he will do so. He is now at work on a chapter on

Music in Boston for the Memorial History of the city.

(From the same, July 23.)

MR. DWIGHT'S RETIREMENT—AND AFTER?— The cessation of *Dwight's Journal of Music* impresses every reader of musical literature and every one who appreciates worthy music as a lamentable event for musical interests, first and principally because it appeals to their own consciences, and they know that were they really concerned for music, a paper of such excellence would not have stopped for lack of support. Mr. Dwight has been getting old for some years now, and the wonder is not that he should be unequal to the requirements of modern journalism and disappointing to customers that want the news; on the contrary, the wonder is that he should have been asked, this dozen years back, to run such a journal without an able staff under his direction. If there ever was to be a first-class musical journal in America, its opportunity was under Mr. Dwight's direction. He ought to have been sustained liberally by Boston men who could well have afforded to give Boston the distinction of the only true musical journal in America. We are aware of the objections which will be brought to Mr. Dwight's "narrowness"—his irreconcilable attitude toward Wagner and Berlioz and Rubinstein,—his fanaticism, as the new school call it, for Bach, Handel, and Beethoven. This would not have injured the paper in the least. Mr. Dwight's objection to the music of the future never prevented him from giving large accounts of its performance on every notable occasion, as of the Bühnenfestspiel at Baireuth in 1876, for instance. Had he had the proper backing and assistance of subordinates to make his journal a current encyclopædia of musical news and criticism, there can be no doubt he would have done so. His editorial opinion need not have been lamed one whit, and the natural impression of disproportionate honor paid to the old composers over the modern would have never arisen. It is very much to be regretted that Mr. Dwight was not afforded the privilege of doing what no other man in America has shown the capacity of doing,—carrying on a scholarly and authoritative musical journal without fear or favor.

The course of so-called musical journalism in this country has not been exceptionally bad. It is everywhere what it is here,—largely commercial, dependent on cliques or on dealers. Even the best publishing firms cannot make a first-class independent paper. They think they cannot afford the sacrifice. That is the reason Ditson & Co. cut loose from Mr. Dwight. As a result, they have an innocent sheet which duly advertises all their publications, and whose opinion nobody ever thinks of quoting. Church & Co. of Cincinnati publish a handsome and honorable paper, the *Musical Visitor*; the *American Art Journal* is a "newsy" and informing paper; but neither these nor any of the list has any lifting and advancing quality. Music might stay in the stocks for all the current musical papers would do, since they feel bound to show courtesy to every sort of music, and would not damn the worst prayer-meeting or variety tune, for fear of hurting some publisher's feelings. It is of other stuff that the really useful musical journalists must be made.

The regrets all over the country are more or less foiderol, since their feeling practically expressed in subscriptions would have rendered its verbal expression unnecessary. But they are especially superfluous in Boston, whose musical public has shown a gross ingratitude to Mr. Dwight, and a shallow valuing of his work which no amount of flattery now can gloss over. The same sort of thing is now going on in regard to Carl Zerrahn, the great conductor of the Handel and Haydn and Harvard symphony concerts,—the entire body of standard musical entertainments in Boston for almost if not quite a generation. Now one of the rich Bostonians has gone wild over Georg Henschel, and has endowed an orchestra with him for leader, in such wise as ought to have been done for Zerrahn many years ago. Boston is to be wished much joy of Henschel, but despite all his qualifications and ambitions, this brilliant young man is not yet great, nor devoid of grave faults, and it may well be

questioned whether he will last. He is in a trying position,—as whoever essays musical journalism after John Sullivan Dwight will be.

(From the Boston Transcript, July 23.)

The Springfield Republican's heat over the stopping of *Dwight's Journal of Music* is amazing, acquired at such a distance from the scene, and also somewhat *de trop*. Mr. Dwight, who is apparently enjoying his well-earned *otium cum dignitate*, might well pray to be spared from such ill-informed championship.

(From the Springfield Republican, July 24.)

There is a general feeling of disappointment over the stopping of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, at least so far as the newspapers are concerned, for Mr. Dwight never failed of appreciation from them. The New York Sun eulogizes Mr. Dwight as the *Republican* has done, saying that "his voice has for thirty years been heard advocating and encouraging whatever is best and noblest in art, and at the end it is as with many other prophets, discouragement and failure." The Sun recognizes also the defects of his exclusive devotion to the elder composers, and his neglect of news, but declares that, after all, his journal's influence has been "deep and abiding throughout the country in the direction of sterling music," "has set the feet of tens of thousands of musical scholars in the right path," and now perishes, "the oldest and most honorable landmark in the history of musical journalism in this country." The Boston tea-table paper, however, seems to consider Mr. Dwight and his *Journal* as private Boston matters, and thinks it strange and superfluous that anybody outside of Boston should take any interest in the event. But human nature is so made that the interesting will interest, no matter where it is, and Mr. Dwight has been much too important for Boston to smother. We may be permitted to doubt whether he is perfectly satisfied to find that the so-called musical public of Boston doesn't think enough of his work to support his journal, but prefers Dexter Smith and Earl Marble.

(From Harper's Weekly [G. W. Curtis], August 6.)

We observe with regret that *Dwight's Journal of Music* is to be suspended. It has been published for more than a quarter of a century, and has been constantly at the head of musical journalism. Indeed, Mr. John S. Dwight will be remembered as the first of musical critics of the highest character in this country. His lectures upon the great composers in Boston forty years ago set the key for the general American appreciation of Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven, and all the years and all the great performances of the works of those composers since that time have but confirmed Mr. Dwight's judgments.

In his journal he has always maintained the highest and severest standard. Indeed, it has been sometimes urged that with the lapse of time his taste demanded the dryer and dryer strain, and that Bach was almost too melodious and popular. But these were only the harmless jests of respect for an unswerving loyalty to the best and an unsparing antipathy to all charlatanism in music. Although the *Journal* stops, its influence will always be felt. It has done its work in developing a popular taste for the noblest productions of a great art, and the name of John Sullivan Dwight will be honorably and indissolubly associated with the history of music in this country.

(From the New York Tribune, August 7.)

Dwight's Journal of Music has been discontinued after an existence of twenty-nine years. Mr. John S. Dwight, the editor, is a sound and scholarly musician, and a careful and honest critic, and it is to his influence, exerted personally and through his paper, that Boston is largely indebted for the advance in musical cultivation which has taken place there during the last quarter of a century. The discontinuance of the *Journal* will be viewed with marked regret, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Dwight will not withdraw himself altogether from musical affairs, in which he has made his influence felt so long and so beneficially.

(From Church's Musical Visitor, Cincinnati.)

Under the heading "The End of a long Story," in *Dwight's Journal of Music* for July 16, Mr. John

S. Dwight announces the suspension of the publication of that journal with the next issue. Want of support is the cause, the paper having been published at an actual loss for some time past. Although support by subscription and advertising had been promised in order to prevent this disaster, yet the hopes thus raised were doomed to disappointment, the paper suffering a falling off both in subscription and advertising, of so serious a nature as to oblige the editor to close up abruptly. "Besides," he says, "we are weary with the long work (twenty-nine years), seeing that it has to be carried on under such discouraging conditions, and within such economical and narrow limits that it is impossible to make the *Journal* what we wish it to be."

So ends the career of another musical journal. It could hardly be called a "peoples' paper," yet it doubtless had a use, and performed it. Whatever may have been its influence, it can truly be said of it that from the first it has nobly held to its convictions, swerving neither to the right hand nor to the left. Peace to its ashes, and rest and recuperation to its honored editor.

(From the London Musical World, July 30.)

But lately we had to record the withdrawal of *La Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris* from the honorable company of art journals. Now, after a career, if not quite so long, in no degree less praiseworthy, an old friend on the other side of the Atlantic is about to follow suit. The subjoined appears in the number of *Dwight's Journal of Music* (Boston) for Saturday, July 16.

That this announcement will be perused with earnest regret we feel assured. Truth is that *Dwight's Journal* was hardly "spicy" enough for many of our go-ahead cousins. Exclusively devoted to art culture, art record, art criticism, and the interests of art generally, it from the beginning consistently disdained personalities, for which reason, apart from genuine worth as an intelligent organ of opinion and a chronicle to which, however judgments vary, implicit confidence might be given, it deserves, and will obtain, grateful remembrance.

(From the London Figaro, August 6.)

The oldest of the American musical papers, *Dwight's Journal of Music*, will be discontinued after its next number. Its editor, the veteran Mr. John S. Dwight, frankly owns, etc. . . . The truth is that *Dwight's Journal of Music* has outlived its time. Twenty-eight years ago, when it was founded by Mr. Dwight, musical matters in the United States were very different from what they are now. The love of music has not only increased, but musical newspapers are far more numerous than they were. Those musical newspapers are of a more energetic character than the traditions of *Dwight's Journal* would allow; while the more influential of American music-lovers are deeply imbued with the love of that modern German school with which Mr. Dwight can feel no sympathy. . . . Far more vigorous treatment of musical matters is now demanded by the American people, and thus it is that *Dwight's Journal* dies in the fulness of its time, and with the honor which attaches to a long and unblemished career.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1881.

VALEDICTORY.

This is the last appearance of the *Journal of Music* which has so long borne our name. For needed rest, as well as to gain time for the solution of certain practical problems (out of which however, nothing has yet come), this *post mortem* number (so to speak, considering how many obituary eulogies and lessons it has called forth) has been delayed beyond our original intention. In the last number (July 16) we frankly gave the reasons for the discontinuance: namely, that the paper does not pay, but actually entails a loss upon its editor, and that said editor, conscious of his own shortcomings, is heartily weary of the struggle to keep the thing alive within such eco-

nomical limits as render it impossible to make such a journal as he has desired.

The truth is, we have for some time been convinced that there is not in this country now, and never has been, any adequate demand or support for a musical journal of the highest tone and character. The last experiment of any promise, the *Musical Review*, established in New York less than three years ago, was unable to complete its second year. The musical papers that live and flourish financially are those that serve the interests of music trade and manufacture, and which abound in endless columns of insignificant three-line items of intelligence or news; the slang term "newsy" is a description which they covet. A journal which devotes itself to art for art's sake, and strives to serve the ends of real culture, however earnestly and ably, gets praise and compliment, but not support.

Besides, such is the spirit of competition, that the moment a paper seems to be beginning to succeed, instead of concentrating forces upon it to build it up to self-sustaining strength, others, roused by its example, start some new and rival enterprise, dividing the support which might have gone to one really good, important journal, or to two or three good ones. When we began in 1852, there were barely three or four musical journals in this country. Now they count by the hundred, almost every important music-dealer publishing his own organ.

Again, when we began, musical literature of any consequence, in the English language, was extremely meagre. We had to translate largely from the German and the French, to furnish valuable matter for our readers. All this is changed. Musical writers, criticisms, biographies, histories, analyses of great musical works, abound. Especially has the attention paid to music in the daily and weekly press increased of late, while in their quality the newspaper criticisms show a very marked improvement. Musical journals as such, therefore, such as may have been indispensable to culture and the public taste some years ago, now naturally seem almost superfluous. So long as the average music-loving, or music-curious, citizen can read the notice of the last night's concert, fresh and early, as he takes his buckwheats, smoking hot, over his breakfast-table, he is not apt to trouble himself to look into a specialist paper once or twice a month to keep him up to the true pitch of opinion. Of course it is useless for a slow, fortnightly journal, limited to eight pages, to compete with the daily newspaper in its speciality of news.

Then, too, there is no putting out of sight the fact, that the great themes for discussion, criticism, literary exposition and description, which inspired us in this journal's prime, the master-works and character and meaning of the immortal ones like Bach and Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and the rest, although they cannot be exhausted, yet inevitably lose the charm of novelty. We have said our say about them all so often, and so fully, have preached so many sermons on these glorious texts, that it is hard to find anything new to say. What more can one write, for instance, about the five and sixtieth Christmas performance of the *Messiah*?—except to compare the singers, or to criticise the execution, and those are matters of but momentary consequence. In a few years it will be the same with the *Passion Music* of Bach. The thoughts we then insisted on from inmost conviction, with a zeal for inciting others to seek, and helping others to appreciate the divine power and beauty and great meaning of those inspired art creations, are now become the common property of all the world. Of course we never owned them, but we felt them and endeavored, somewhat successfully within a narrow, slowly widening circle to make

others feel their truth. All true thought, truly stated, inevitably crumbles in the course of time into the smallest current coin. Lacking the genius to make the old seem new, we candidly confess that what now challenges the world as new in music fails to stir us to the same depths of soul and feeling that the old masters did and doubtless always will. Startling as the new composers are, and novel, curious, brilliant, beautiful at times, they do not inspire us as we have been inspired before, and do not bring us nearer heaven (in fact "the other place" is where some of them seem most at home!) We feel no inward call to the proclaiming of the new gospel. We have tried to do justice to these works as they have claimed our notice, and have omitted no intelligence of them which came within the limits of our columns, but we lack motive for entering their doubtful service; we are not ordained their prophet. If these had been enthroned the *Dii majores* of the musical Olympus, and there had been no greater gods: if the contributions of the past thirty years to musical production were the whole of music, we never should have dreamed of establishing a musical journal, nor would Music have been able to seduce us from other paths, in which, by persevering, we might possibly have done more good. It may be all a prejudice; perhaps we are one-sided; perhaps too steady contemplation of the glory of the great age has seared our eyeballs for the modern splendors; but we prefer to leave these and their advocacy to "whom it may concern." Doubtless here is one secret of much of the indifference to this journal: the "disciples of the newness" feel that it has not been in sympathy with what they would call the new musical spirit of the times, and innocent inquirers take the cue from them. But we revenge ourselves with pointing to the unmistakable fact, that in the concert-giving experience of to-day, at least in Boston, the prurient appetite for novelty (new fashions) seems to have reached its first stage of satiety, and that programmes must in the main be classical to secure good audiences in the long run. If we in any humble way have helped to bring about this good result, we may at least feel that our labor has not been entirely thrown away.

But whatever may have been the causes of our failure to make this journal what it should be, we are disposed to find them mostly in the editor himself. We cannot endorse the too kind suggestion of the sympathizing writer in the *Springfield Republican*, that Boston, or that the musical public anywhere, has been "ungrateful" to us. Surely we can complain of no "ingratitude" on the part of the press; its treatment has been almost uniformly generous and appreciative; witness the "obituaries" we have copied, not omitting frank and honest strictures on our course. We have long realized that we were not made for the competitive, sharp enterprise of modern journalism. That turn of mind which looks at the ideal rather than the practicable, and the native indolence of temperament which sometimes goes with it, have made our movements slow. Hurry who will, we rather wait and take our chance. The work which could not be done at leisure, and in disregard of all immediate effect, we have been too apt to feel was hardly worth the doing. To be first in the field with an announcement, or a criticism, or an idea, was no part of our ambition; how can one recognize competitors, or enter into competition, and at the same time keep his eye upon the truth? If one have anything worth saying, will it not be as good to-morrow as to-day? A poor qualification for the journalistic scramble of this year 1881! Indeed we cannot scramble. And, far from making any boast of it, we must accuse ourselves of great omissions and procrastinations not in accordance

with the modern idea of an editor, even in the quiet field of Art. Yet somehow we feel that we have performed a considerable amount of labor, such as it was, in our day.

One of our frank contemporaries, whom we copy elsewhere, says that this has never been a "peoples'" paper. Yes, you have us there. To be a tribune of the people, in your sense, we never felt to be our mission. *Non omnia possumus omnes*. We do not believe in writing down to people. We have been perhaps too sensitively unwilling to insult the popular intelligence by thinking anything too good—any thought, or view of Art, or any music—for the average listener or reader. "State the best that there is in you and the great world will come round to you;" that, in effect, is the Emersonian maxim which has saved many an ingenuous young mind from renouncing its birthright. The few, the most appreciative (and they are not always the most technically prepared ones) must be reached first; what these see, feel and approve, will surely make its way to wider and wider acceptance. This at least has been the lesson of our life. Now if you begin with trying to ingratiate the general mass, "the people," you are in danger either of talking baby talk to them, or of turning your art journal into a musical primer and A B C book, or of chopping everything up into that poor mincemeat (too often dogs' meat) of small paragraphs and items, which so abound in many musical papers, and which catch the idle eye, but do not inform the mind; or of running into petty personalities, which may "spice" a paper, while they sink its dignity; or finally, you fall into the temptation of always striving after and proclaiming the *exceptional*, when wholesome daily bread is the thing most wanted. On this point we make our own confession without shame. In the lower stages of culture, the people, especially we Americans, are easily stirred up to "seek a sign," to be on the *qui vive* for every so-called "big thing." World's fairs are on the brain, and threaten us so frequently that the exceptional spreads over all, and there is no room, time or thought left for the common. It tends to be all mountain with no valleys; all excitement, no repose; all exception and no rule. In music, too, we have our monster festivals and Peace Jubilees, each seeking to surpass the other by its unprecedented scale of magnitude, as if the measure of value were mere size. We have borne our share of satire and rebuke in times past for our cold response to such appeals. We think the world shows signs of coming round to our unpopular way of thinking. And we congratulate our Boston, at least, that she has outgrown such childish ambitions, and has settled down upon regular triennial oratorio festivals (like those of Birmingham and the Rhine cities), within the limits of artistic taste and common-sense.

It only remains for us to return our heartfelt thanks to our faithful and able contributors and correspondents, with all of whom it has been a labor of love, a service of sincere devotion to the good cause in music, to help us make the *Journal* useful and attractive. Some of these have stood by us from the first and proved themselves true friends. The same may be said of many of our subscribers. On their account especially it makes us sad to feel that the little bark, which they have helped so long to keep afloat, cheering our loneliness in the long work, must now go down before reaching the end of its thirtieth annual voyage. They have not the comfort, which we shall have, of a great sense of rest and freedom when the burden is rolled off from our shoulders.

But we do not despair of musical journalism. If it is impracticable within the narrow limits of a little one-man organ like our own, without cap-

ital, without the means of enlargement, and unwilling to avail itself of questionable and distasteful ways for gaining circulation, it is still possible that some day somebody will furnish the means for building up a journal upon a much broader foundation, with capital, with room for greater variety of matter in its columns, with means of commanding first-class *paid* contributors, and with not merely one to do all the editorial work, but with a corps of editors, each responsible in his department, and representing, it may be, various sides in some of the great questions, as of old and new school. Such a journal would absorb any rivals worth absorbing; it would have *news* enough, well-sifted news, in spite of the newspapers, while it could afford to treat at length, without fear or favor, questions of principle and taste in Art. All this combined under one experienced, catholic and comprehensive head, who need not feel always bound to write himself on every topic, would be a musical journal worth the while. It is essentially the plan suggested by our unknown warm sympathizer in the *Springfield Republican*. We doubt not it will come. Some music-loving millionaire, not content with guarantying orchestras and building splendid music-halls, will some day feel the need of a great, many-sided, high-toned musical journal. We may live to see it after the springs of active energy are dried up in ourselves. But Art is long, though life is short. And so we humbly take our leave.

JOHN S. DWIGHT.

MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

What follows was intended for the concluding portion of a chapter of Musical History prepared for the "Memorial History of Boston." That chapter has grown to such unexpected length that much of it will have to be omitted for the present, leaving us free to give this portion in this final number of our Journal. It must be understood that this is history, and not criticism. We do not enter into any discussion of the mooted questions about *Tonic Sol-Fa*, "absolute pitch," or the "movable *Do*." We only aim to show what has been done, and show the promise of the future.

Let us step down for a moment from the heights and the high schools of art, from symphony and oratorio, and from the university, and watch beginnings in the very nursery. Let us look into the public schools, where singing has been taught on a progressive system, from the youngest primaries upward, both by rote and note, for at least forty years. This movement started rather vaguely to be sure, contenting itself at first with demonstrating that all children, with a very few exceptions, only enough to "prove the rule," can be taught to sing. It was the assertion of a faith, rejected by our Puritan forefathers, in the musical nature of man. It has grown up into something which can properly be called a Boston institution; and if its principle is sound, the germ of a musical future is contained in it.

It dates back to the early days of the old Academy of Music, (1833-41), and to the impression made upon the mind of Mr. Wm. C. Woodbridge, by what he heard and saw in the schools of Germany and Holland, where vocal music was taught as one of the elements of common education. After his return to Boston he stated his experience and his conviction before a meeting of the friends of education. This was in 1830. In January, 1832, on the recommendation of a report made by the Chairman of the Primary School Committee, Mr. George H. Snelling, it was voted that the experiment should be tried in one school of each primary district. In 1836, in response to a memorial from the Academy, the School Committee voted to have music taught in four of the

grammar schools, under the direction of the Academy. That meant practically under the direction of Dr. Lowell Mason, and according to the Pestalozzian, or inductive, method, first applied to music by Nägeli of Zurich, and embodied in Mason's Academy Manual. For some time the brave resolution was not seconded by prompt and adequate municipal appropriations. But meanwhile Dr. Mason devoted himself with such zeal and tact, gratuitously, to testing the plan in a single school, and with such success, that it was voted to employ a salaried teacher of singing, for not more than two hours each week, in each of the grammar schools. This the Academy's Report for 1839 declared to be "the Magna Charta of musical education in this country."

So the work went on, under the personal instruction of Messrs. Mason, Webb, and others, steadily and slowly gaining ground, despite the intermittent faith and sympathy of new School Committees. In 1846, ten of the schools were assigned to Dr. Mason, and ten to Mr. B. F. Baker, as head music teacher.

In 1848, two half-hour lessons were required each week for every pupil; and in some schools the regular female teachers and ushers were so far initiated into the method as to enable them to carry on the lessons between the visits of the musical instructors. Pianos also were provided. Vain efforts had been made for years to revive the attention paid to music in the primary schools, beginning at the root of the matter; for in the earliest years, almost in infancy, the ear should be made familiar with musical tones and acquire some practice both in singing and in reading them from notes, as a foundation for all further progress. Let the little child learn properly to sing even the simplest melody; let him identify each tone which he delights to hear and make with corresponding characters upon the staff, and with those syllables, numbers, letters which conventionally denote the relations of the tones to one another and to a common key-tone; let him feel every day the rhythmical delight of singing with his fellows in good time and tune; let him be led unconsciously to know concord from discord, to feel the beauty of a perfect chord, and to some slight extent to sing in *parts* with other voices, — and his interest in music is secured for life; he will grow up sensitive, attentive to the music made about him, even if he should not become much of a singer himself. This is the time for loosening the soil, so that any latent germs of native talent may find an outlet to the light. The older schools were taught at disadvantage until this preparatory period was provided for.

It was not until the first musical school festival held in the Music Hall at the close of the school year in 1858, that the true value of such an element in early education vividly impressed most of the believers in our public schools as the palladium of our free institutions. The lovely spectacle, together with the inspiring thrill of the united fresh and silvery voices of twelve hundred children, in cheerful songs, or in sustained tones of solemn chorals, brought the truth of the matter home to all present. Those annual festivals, due in a great measure to the forethought, zeal and organizing faculty of one member of the School Committee, Dr. J. B. Upham, grew more and more impressive year by year, and told of steady progress, so that it became an easier matter to secure the sanction of the whole committee and of Boston for complete and systematic measures. From that year (1858) a standing sub-committee on music, of five members, became a part of the annual distribution of functions in the school committee. Dr. Upham was the chairman of the five. It was ordered that two hours weekly should be given in each grammar school to singing, practice of notation, scales and reading sim-

ple music, under the teachers of the several districts, Messrs. Butler, Bruce and Drake. In the primaries there was to be singing at the opening and close of each school session, with what more might be thought expedient. Mr. Zerrahn was employed in the Girls' High and Normal Schools, partly to the end of qualifying the pupils to teach music as well as the other usual branches.

We need not follow the wavering policy of successive school committees regarding both the musical instruction and the annual Festivals; these inspiring exhibitions have been greatly missed for seven or eight years past. More than once the work of years was undone by some uneasy change of measures, and hope deferred, though not discouraged.

At last, in 1864, a most important step was taken: the problem of musical instruction in the primary schools was met in earnest. A man appeared with the peculiar gift for such a task, possessed with the genius of love and patience for it, full of enthusiasm and unbounded devotion, full of invention, and with a remarkable tact for the adaptation of means to ends, — Mr. Luther W. Mason, whose labors in the schools of Cincinnati had attracted much attention. He managed soon to interest the smallest children. The casual visitor would find them singing naturally and sweetly, — nearly all of them — first simple tunes by ear or imitation, and gradually by note. He prepared useful charts, in large characters, containing the essential progressive exercises. He also had translated and printed in convenient little books the successive parts of "Hohmann's Practical Course," containing a progressive series of songs, duets, etc., as well as exercises, suited to the different ages of the children. A professor of gymnastics and of elocution was employed, so that the right posture of the body and the right way of breathing were made auxiliary to the production of a full, true, sustained tone. In one year Mr. Mason had established his system in 185 of the 250 primary schools. It was not long before they began to sing in parts of simple harmony, and to take delight in holding out the tones of a full chord. Essentially the same method was adopted and developed further in the grammar schools by Mr. Sharland, Mr. Holt, and others, who have shown astonishing results in the ease and certainty with which pupils read at sight, name the tones which the teacher or visitor hums to them or strikes on the piano, and even analyze a chord when struck. In the Girls' High and Normal Schools, Mr. Eichberg, who for some years has held the position of superintendent of musical instruction in all the public schools of Boston, has carried the development still farther, so that it is really an artistic pleasure to hear his classes of young ladies, many of them destined to become teachers in their turn, sing from the choice collection of pieces in three and four part harmony which he has prepared for their use.

In 1868 Mr. Eichberg was commissioned to visit the schools abroad, and made an elaborate report upon the music teaching he had witnessed in Hamburg, Berlin, Leipzig, Halle, Dresden, Frankfort, and Bavaria, to which was appended a very full list of suitable works for such instruction.

In 1870 a complete progressive course was mapped out, from the lowest primary to the highest grammar class. But the good work done in the Girls' High Schools was not, and is not yet, extended into the English High and Latin Schools for boys. In the Vienna Exposition of 1873 the educational system of the Boston public schools was fully represented under the direction of Mr. John D. Philbrick, superintendent of Public Schools. In his report he says: "The system of musical instruction in our schools, as represent-

ed by the last report of the Chairman of the Committee on Music, Dr. J. Baxter Upham, the programme for musical instruction in the different grades of schools, the musical text-books by Messrs. Eichberg, Sharland, Holt, and Mason, and especially the four series of musical charts by Luther W. Mason, was unanimously and emphatically declared by the able committee of experts on this subject to be the best in existence. The charts, which are the fruit of many years of labor and experiments by Mr. Mason, were regarded as vastly superior to everything else of the kind known to exist, and accordingly their author was honored by the award of a Medal of Merit." At the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia (1876) these music charts and method were much admired by foreign visitors, especially by the Japanese Commissioners, whose glowing report to the educational authorities of their own government led to an invitation to Mr. Mason to introduce his system personally in the government schools of Japan. For several years, with every convenience placed at his disposal, he has been teaching the young Japanese in Tokio to sing and read music according to our system, adding three notes to their imperfect scale, and with a success most gratifying to the Empress and the Japanese, but greatly to the loss of the primary schools of Boston, which now rely for musical instruction on the regular school teachers. We read, however, in the school report for 1872 that in the 335 primary schools there was rarely found a teacher not competent to teach elementary music.

Doubtless much remains yet to be done. Only ideally can the system be called complete. As practically embodied it is like those ancient maps, in which great regions, unexplored, are only vaguely outlined. Questions have arisen, and wavering policy has been pursued. Fits of municipal economy have interfered, if not destructively, at least obstructively. Indeed the whole method is in controversy still. Some would abolish staff notation, and have children taught upon the "Tonic Sol-Fa" plan; and there is outcry against what is called the "movable Do," in practice in our schools from the beginning. With all these questions this history has no concern. Suffice it to say, that the teachers work in essential unity of principle and method, while each is free to test and follow out his own suggestions. What is certain is, that the lessons are progressive, while the teaching is objective. The child is led to recognize and feel the tones as mental objects (so Mr. Holt expresses it); while whatever of technical theory, or musical grammar, or arbitrary conventional signs and devices may be involved in the process, he gets it all unconsciously, as one learns to know the streets, with the shop signs, by often passing through and by them. He is not dumbfounded with theory, and with dry memorizing, before he has begun to know music, which would be like the old absurdity of acquiring English grammar, most abstract of studies, at the unmetaphysical age of early childhood.

Music in the schools has gone so far that it cannot go back. Generations are growing up sensitive to musical tones, knowing concord from discord, attentive to music when they hear it, interested in it, able to sing somewhat with pleasure to themselves and others, and to read simple music. What a contrast to the dearth of opportunity in those old Puritanic days when a child, had he the genius of a Beethoven in him, found not the slightest sympathy to call it out! Look on that picture, and on this. There pleasantness was sin, and the undying musical nature of man (as real as the religious, the intellectual, the social nature) was only part of the original depravity. Here you have stepped into a public school, say

in one of the poorer quarters of the city, during the lesson by Mr. Holt, or Mr. Sharland, and you hear the singing and catch the quick, intelligent replies of class after class of girls of eight, nine, ten years old, whose pale complexions tell of homes of poverty in crowded lanes; this is the bright hour of their week; the hour of higher life and consciousness, of innocent delight and sense of a new power and freedom. And they gain more and more of this inspiring and uplifting resource as they pass through the older grammar and the High School classes, until they are prepared to be absorbed into the vocal clubs, and renovate the oratorio chorus with fresh voices and more skill in music than their fathers had. Surely we have made progress; and so long as we are faithful to our public schools, music, and music's benign influence, will not die out among us.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

Mr. Henry Lee Higginson, not content with giving us a fine orchestra and a series of twenty symphony concerts at cheap prices for the coming year, has further added to the public obligation by purchasing a controlling interest in our noble Music Hall. This ensures a new administration of the Hall and its restoration to the artistic uses for which it was originally intended. The following, from the *Gazette*, is right in sentiment, and will be read with interest.

We are only sorry that what is gained by the new entrance from Hamilton Place is to be offset to some extent by the closing up of the present covered passage-way through what was Bumstead Place, that right of way having been sold out to advantage, we are told. On the other hand we are assured that the new entrance will be much wider than the present one, and will afford more safety to a crowd in any panic that might be apprehended. Now could the narrow eastern corridor be widened, or at least gain a passage into Bromfield Street, the means of exit would be perfect!

But the greatest improvement still demanded in the Music Hall would be the reconstruction of the stage in permanent chorus seats rising amphitheatrically about the organ, whereby the Handel and Haydn and other choral bodies might rehearse in the same seats in which they were to sing before the public. This would require, of course, the bringing of the stage a little further forward and to a lower point in front, for it is still too high for that part of the audience who sit well forward on the floor. When not occupied by chorus, those seats would be excellent for audience in many kinds of concerts, especially to listen to and watch the fingers of a Rubinstein or a Joseffy. But now for the *Gazette*.

This noble building has long been a source of satisfaction and of pride to the musical public of our city. Its ample size and fine proportions, its convenient entrances, its seclusion from noise and from the garish light of day, its even temperature, perfect ventilation, its picturesque light, and above all its perfect adaptation for the proper effects of music, render it one of the first halls in the world. The orator standing in his place at one of the foci of the ellipse is heard by a full house in his natural voice without effort. The softest of the prima donna's pianissimos or the lightest touch of the pianist is audible everywhere. The organ, too, has served important purposes. It has been a model for organ-builders, a perennial delight for audiences, and, what is more, it has furnished so-called jokers of other less fortunate cities with an unending topic for ridicule. When an editor has been hard up for a paragraph he has been able to tickle himself and those of his own calibre amazingly by some crank upon our "big organ."

The conception of the Music Hall and its organ dates from a certain dinner of the Harvard Musical Association. The original subscribers had more thought of the public benefit than their own profit. They wanted a temple of musical art. Year by year it has been adorned, and it has now the noblest statue and some of the finest busts in America. It is also full of associations that touch the hearts of all cultivated people. The annual oratorios, the symphony concerts, the splendid civic balls, and the long series of vocal and

instrumental performances by great singers and players, will be forever associated in the minds of the present generation with the Music Hall.

But high ideals and pure art are not often remunerative. Music, like poetry and virtue, must be its own exceeding great reward. When we plant our money for dividends we don't project music halls; we would rather discover a new "Calumet and Hecla." For many years the hall was not a source of profit. And to this fact was due a change in its management that let in the malodorous shows of unhappy dogs and cats, and the brutal set-tos of wrestlers and boxers. People who remember the high and pure idea for which the beautiful hall was created were sad at the thought that Beethoven and Bach, Handel and Mozart should look down upon scenes fitter for the blood-thirsty public of ancient Rome than for refined audiences in a cultivated city. The charm of the place was gone.

Then the proposed extension of Hamilton Place threatened to destroy the hall, and the controlling interest was in hands that could not hold it and were ready to give it up. The hall was supposed to be doomed.

The whole situation was changed when Mr. Henry L. Higginson, after establishing a series of orchestral concerts on a scale of unprecedented liberality, crowned his beneficent undertaking by purchasing a majority of the shares of the Music Hall corporation. Mr. Higginson has made no announcement of his plans, but it is well understood that the hall will be used only for purposes consistent with the idea of a temple of the fine arts. There will be no more heterogeneous shows, nor walking matches.

The interior of the building is now undergoing a rejuvenation, under the direction of Mr. George Snell, the accomplished architect who planned it. New colors and gilding, new upholstery and other adornments will make it more beautiful than ever. Other changes are also anticipated, such as reformation of the lobbies and a new entrance from Hamilton Place.

THE MUSICAL OUTLOOK.

There can be no fear lest Boston will not have enough, especially of orchestral music in the season of 1881-2. There would rather seem to be a danger of too much of a good thing, of "running it into the ground." But we shall see and learn. What with the Higginson-Henschel twenty concerts and twenty public rehearsals, and with the other orchestral societies, the vocal clubs, the oratorios, and miscellaneous and virtuoso concerts of all kinds, there are already looming above the horizon more than one hundred concerts such as commonly tempt large audiences. Let the *Transcript* count them up for us:—

From present appearances there will be more musical entertainments of a high order during the coming season in Boston than ever before. Those by the clubs and societies will number as follows:

Apollo Club.....	6	concerts.
Boylston Club.....	5	"
Handel and Haydn Society.....	4	"
Harvard Musical Association.....	6	"
Philharmonic Society.....	8	"
*Cecilia.....	4	"
*Euterpe.....	5	"
*Arlington Club.....	4	"
*Probably.....	41	"

Then there will be the series of twenty concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra (as the band to be directed by Mr. Henschel will be known), possible concerts by the old Philharmonic orchestra, under Mr. Listemann's direction, and eight by the New England Conservatory orchestra, a new scheme under the direction of Mr. Zerrahn. All of these concerts will be given by resident musicians, players or singers from other cities only appearing as soloists or assistants. But this is not all. Four concerts of a mixed sort, with famous soloists, will be included in the lecture courses; two performances of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* will be given under Mr. Thomas's direction; two concerts are announced by Maucricio Dengremont, one by Mme. Gerster, and last, not least in importance, five by Mme. Adelina Patti. With these we have a grand total of nearly a hundred musical entertainments of a high class, and that without enumerating the twenty public rehearsals of Mr. Henschel's orchestra, and the eight public rehearsals of the Philharmonic Society's orchestra. "There are few cities in the world, and none in America, which can make a better showing in number, quality and variety of concerts offered for the delectation of amateurs and connoisseurs of the tuneful art. The concerts of the Arlington and Cecilia Clubs will be given in Tremont Temple, the Euterpe will probably occupy the Meionon, the Harvards will use the Boston Museum, and the other societies and organizations will appear in Music Hall. Mr. Zerrahn will remain in his post of director of the concerts by the Handel and Haydn Society and the Harvard Musical Association; Mr. Lang will continue to direct the entertainments of the Apollo and Cecilia Clubs, and Mr. Osgood and Mr. W. J. Winch will retain their positions as directors of the Boylston and Arlington Clubs, respectively. The

Philharmonic society's concerts will be under the direction of Mr. Louis Mass. The schemes of the opera managers are not yet divulged. It is given out that Mr. Mapleson will come to the Boston Theatre with a stronger company than he has yet brought here, and that Mr. Strakosch will bring a troupe to the Globe Theatre, with Mme. Gerster as its prima donna. No less than six English opera or operetta troupes will add still further variety to the attractions of the season, and some important novelties will be brought out by them, Lortzing's *Czar and Carpenter* and Varney's *Musketeers* being in the list of promises.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL. The great annual event of its kind in this region maintains this fall the customary high and abundant provision for the musical appetite: it will last five days, September 26-30, and comprise, besides three important choral works entire, a large variety of music, vocal, orchestral and organ. Verdi's *Manzoni Requiem* will be given the third evening, the *Creation* the following afternoon, and to conclude Friday evening *Elijah* entire, for the first time in Worcester; the chorus, "The Fire Descends from Heaven," heretofore omitted because of its extreme difficulty, being already rehearsed. A new thing in this festival will be a noon "organ lecture concert," by Frederick Archer, the English organist, composer and lecturer; but Mr. Archer should beware of Jerome Hopkins, who has a lien on that title for his own entertainment. The artists already engaged include Clara Louise Kellogg, who sings there for the first time in America after a European absence of two years; Annie Louise Cary, M. W. Whitney, Tom Karl, Emily Winant, — her first singing in Worcester, — Franz Remmert, Charles R. Adams; also Mrs. Emma R. Dexter, Miss Hattie Louise Simms, Miss Alice Ward, Mrs. Grace Hiltz Gleason of Chicago and Mrs. H. F. Knowles, sopranos; and the Schubert company from the Boston Apollo Club. The violinist Therese Liebe and her brother Theodore, said to be a fine violoncellist, who will make a concert tour of the country the coming season, appear first together at this festival, hastening their departure from Europe a month. The promise of the foregoing facts is very generous and assures an excellent festival. There are some who will regret the repetition of Verdi's noisy requiem, but the chorus cannot possibly afford to dismiss it with one rendering after the severe discipline of its study; it would be a quite insufficient recompense.

—The Handel and Haydn Society will begin, as usual, their concerts on Christmas night with a performance of the *Messiah*; on Good Friday Bach's "Passion Music, according to St. Matthew" will be sung, and on Easter Sunday the oratorio of the *Creation*. Previous to these last two a concert will be given on Feb. 5, and Handel's Utrecht "Jubilate" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" are to be sung. Mr. Carl Zerrahn will lead the chorus and orchestra, and Miss Annie Louise Cary and Mr. Myron W. Whitney will be two of the principal soloists.

—James Edward Ditson, youngest son of Oliver Ditson, the well-known music publisher of Boston, and a member of the firm of which his father is the head, died at Upper Saint Regis Lake, Adirondack Mountains, Sunday, Aug. 7, aged 28 years. He was a young man of genial character, and was universally beloved. The parents have the sympathy of a very wide circle of friends in this trying bereavement.

—We are sorry to learn that Mr. Edward B. Perry, the pianist, is disabled for all concert work during the coming winter by a lame wrist. Meanwhile he has accepted a position as piano instructor at Oberlin College, in Ohio.

—We have only room to call attention to Madame Seiler's Flourishing School of Vocal Art in Philadelphia. Its annual reports of work and progress have been interesting, and this year more than ever.

—You can detect a false note in the playing of the music of Mozart as readily as a finger print on burnished silver; but in one of the "romantic" symphonies of the "intense" school, a madman might be fiddling away meanwhile, and nobody would suspect that it was not "consummate."—Chas. Dudley Warner.

—Mr. Thomas was to end his Chicago engagement on Aug. 22. During the following week he gave concerts in Milwaukee, and a week later he will be in Cincinnati for a series of concerts. He has received from Galveston, Tex., an offer for a week of concerts in that city. Mr. Thomas will return to New York on Sept. 5.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, July 27. In closing my correspondence with *Dwight's Journal of Music*, I may be pardoned for expressing a few words of sincere regret. Every indication that points to a retrograde movement in the progress of the art of music cannot but be regarded with sorrow by every honest musician or lover of true culture. The cause of music in this country suffers from a number of serious hindrances. One of these drawbacks is poor and incompetent criticism from the writers on musical matters in many of our daily papers. As we read the vast amount of illogical criticism that

the daily press offers to its readers, every musician realizes that the writers of the articles knew little or nothing about the subject. They either depend upon some hand-book on music for their information, or else deal with the subject in meaningless terms, that will not stand the test of reason. Any reporter may write upon this subject, and his musical qualifications seem to be of very little account, as long as he can fill up a certain space under the head of Amusements. I know of many cases where the so-called musical critic has mistaken even the work he was hearing, and perchance learnedly commented upon the masterly performance of Wagner's *Tannhäuser* overture, when the popular one to Rossini's *William Tell* was played. This kind of musical criticism is what the daily press calls a proper acknowledgment of the art interests of a country. What we need is good, honest utterances in behalf of art, from a mind that has both ability and knowledge. A writer must possess a positive and extended knowledge of his subject, to be entitled to any respect. Such criticism as the progress of art demands seems hardly possible from the daily press, and it is only in a good musical journal that we may expect the best opinions on art matters. It is then a matter of great regret that *Dwight's Journal* is forced to stop its usefulness, simply because of a want of support. It is true that the *Journal* was a small paper, and yet its quality was worthy of appreciation, and its honest utterances entitled to full respect. The only thing in regard to music that receives its full compensation is the trade in instruments and publications. Large fortunes have been made in these industries. What have these people, that have become rich out of musical merchandise, done for the art that has given them their wealth? Have they ever started a good music school, or supported a representative musical journal? We have a number of papers that live as advertising mediums, it is true, but their influence is of that character that belongs mostly to trade. This class of journal is generally published in the interests of some music house. Why should not the trade interests give a little of their wealth to the support of a worthy art journal? Any benefit to the progress of art is a help to even the trade. When we observe the positive advancement that Boston is making in regard to concerts, schools, and the orchestral work, it seems astonishing that it can be so unmindful of the *Journal of Music*. Is not an organ that may give its entire activity to the education of the people in music worthy of support? If the cultivated people of Boston will not support a journal that is representative of their class, is it not an indication that their accomplishments are more assumed than real? But in the mean time we must wait for a better public and a more hopeful condition of our social life, before what is best in music can have a hearty support in this country.

In this city we are having a delightful season of summer night concerts, by Mr. Theodore Thomas and his orchestra. This series of entertainments was a part of a plan that the late Mr. George B. Carpenter had arranged for our musical enjoyment. Mr. Milward Adams, the young gentleman who has followed in the steps of Mr. Carpenter, by his business tact and good management has been able to carry on the enterprise. It takes very much skill and a clear judgment to bring such successful returns for even well-considered plans. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Adams for this season of rich entertainment, and we can but wish him a great success in all his future work. The great festival which comes next spring will have to depend for its financial success largely upon the management that this gentleman will give it. He will have the influence of every musical person in the city, however, and the culmination of our hopes, a festival, seems near at hand. But to return to Mr. Thomas, — the programmes for these concerts have been as a whole very pleasing. We have had composers' evenings, and symphony performances, and also programmes made up of lighter things. The Mendelssohn night gave us the Italian symphony, *Midsummer-Night's Dream* music, overture *Calm Sea and Happy Voyage*, the fairy overture, *Melusine*, Scherzo from the *Reformation Symphony*, and two smaller pieces. The Beethoven night programme was made up of the Pastoral Symphony, the overture to *Coriolanus*, Septet Op. 20, and the ballet music to *Prometheus*. The symphony programmes gave us the Schumann, in D-minor, and Brahms's No. 2, in D-major. Every evening the programme is made interesting, while new and old works are very artistically arranged so as to give pleasure. It is a pleasing sight to see the large audiences that gather, evening after evening, to listen to these concerts. The place has been as well arranged as possible for the music. The garden that has been made, of plants, flowers and evergreens, has turned the Exposition Building into a vast conservatory, in which a pretty fountain plays,

and charming music may be heard, and it almost makes the stay-at-home people of our city think that Chicago is indeed a pleasant summer home. The orchestra that Mr. Thomas has formed is made up of some fifty men, many of whom are our home players; yet there have been additions from New York and Cincinnati, which have given a new and better formation to the band. It pleases me to say that this orchestra is doing some very good work. It has not the finish of Mr. Thomas's old band, nor are the brass instruments quite what they ought to be; but the educational influences that are at work with the men will do much to mould them into a better form. It is a wise thing to develop a good orchestra in the West, for as we attempt the performance of a large number of great works in the course of a season, a fine band is a necessity. In the closing concerts of this season of six weeks, I shall endeavor to make some mention of the improvement that will doubtless be made in the playing of this band, while under the able direction of Mr. Thomas.

C. H. BRITTAN.

BALTIMORE, JULY 27.—Mr. John S. Dwight:—Dear Sir, — Allow me to express my sincere regret at the notice in your last issue that the publication of the *Journal* is to be discontinued. For the past three years I have had the pleasure of writing an occasional notice for your paper, and I can scarcely express how unhappy it makes me feel to know that I have written my last letter to *Dwight's Journal*. I did fancy that at least one musical publication with the best and highest interests of the art in view would be able to hold its own in this country. It seems not.

To all earnest friends of musical progress there remains but the hope that at some future day the better class of the American people will open their eyes, their ears and their hearts and begin to understand that there are a few objects in this world worth living for besides the accumulation of dollars and cents.

With sentiments of the highest regard and appreciation, I am, dear sir,
Yours very truly,

CHAS. A. FISHER.

MUSIC ABROAD.

LONDON. Colonel J. H. Mapleson has written an open letter in which he formally withdraws from the London operatic field. Ever since the year 1874, competition has been carried on, except in a few years when Messrs. Gye and Mapleson combined forces, between the Italian operatic impresarios at Covent Garden and Drury Lane or Her Majesty's. Mr. Mapleson became almost hopelessly involved, and the elder Gye's backers sank a fortune in the larger house. Of late years, under the management of the brothers Gye, Covent Garden has increased its reputation, but without reaping a financial reward. The conclusion was reached that London cannot support two Italian houses during the season, and a syndicate was formed recently for converting Covent Garden into a limited liability company, with Gye as manager at a salary. The company then endeavored to secure Her Majesty's, and this they attempted to do by seeking to gain possession of the premises through the lessor by means of an action of ejectment. Finding himself involved in costly legal proceedings, Mr. Mapleson determined to accept the offers made him by the syndicate, and an arrangement has now been made by which he sells out his entire interest in Her Majesty's, with the object of devoting his attention entirely, in future, to the United States. Mr. Mapleson receives £80,000, and when his liabilities are deducted from this he will be left with more than sufficient capital to enable him to open an energetic campaign next season in America. Mr. Mapleson has secured certain concessions from the new company, among others the call on Covent Garden for all new operas, artists, scenery and costumes which he may require. In fact, Covent Garden will be henceforth the recruiting-house for his American season. — *Figaro*.

FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE.—The prize offered by the Corporation for the best opera is awarded to *Käthe von Heilbrunn*, music by Carl Rheinthal, libretto by Heinrich Bulthaupt. The successful work will be produced early next season at the New Stadt-theater.

BERLIN. Von Bülow recently played a gigantic programme at Berlin. It consisted wholly of Liszt's compositions. Sonata (dedicated to Schumann), four selections from the "Années de Pèlerinage," the legend, "St. Francois de Paule Marchant Sur Les Flots," four Etudes, Ballade (No. 2), a Polonaise Mazurka, Valse Impromptu and Scherzo, and March in D-minor. It is said that Bülow fairly surpassed himself.

